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"The Romance of Rosy Ridge"—a story bristling with action, crackling with thrills—is an authentic piece of Americana.

★ ★ ★ ★

And the accent is on "The Romance" because Van Johnson has found a new and exciting darling to love in blonde, vivacious Janet Leigh (rhymes with Whee!). She's in every sense a girl to watch.



MacKinlay Kantor's Satevepost story, set in the embattled border states, seethes with scores of exciting scenes: night raids by black-hooded marauders; bare-knuckle fights to the death; gunplay; breathless races against the elements; lovers' nights alone on moonlit mountainsides.

★ ★ ★ ★

Van in this new element is an elemental Van, a different Van, a man who's really in the van.

★ ★ ★ ★

No wonder that between the fights and the feuds, Van finds time to sing tender love ballads to Janet Leigh—the girl of his heart—and sings as he never has before.



★ ★ ★

Gusto went into the acting of stalwart Thomas Mitchell, Marshall Thompson, Selena Royle, Dean Stockwell. Zest went into the screenplay by Lester Cole. Roy Rowland's direction, the production of Jack Cummings have vigor and taste.

★ ★ ★ ★

All is rosy in "The Romance of Rosy Ridge". ★ ★ ★ ★

Not far over the horizon are two other M-G-M biggies: "Song of Love", starring Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker, which shapes up as one of the greatest love stories of all time; "The Unfinished Dance", in Technicolor, starring Hollywood's biggest little star, Margaret O'Brien.

★ ★ ★ ★

Entertainment-wise, M-G-M shines bright in the summer skies.



—Leo

SCREENLAND

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★ ★ ★



On Our Cover: Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer, now co-starring in "Arch of Triumph," an Enterprise production.

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SEPTEMBER, 1947

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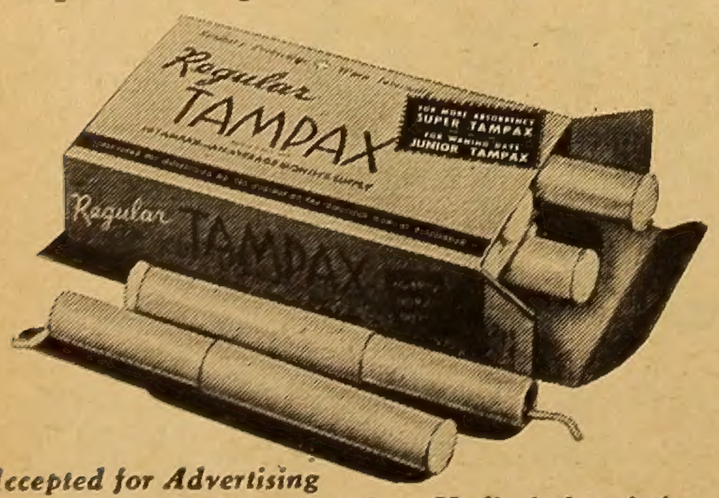
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George Sanders' frequent date is Zasa Hilton, seen stepping out together in Hollywood.



Edmond O'Brien, star of "The Web," dances with Olga San Juan, Paramount starlet.

VAN and Evie Johnson have a little pink book and every time they hear a name they like, into the book it goes. Because Evie already has two sons, they're hoping their baby will be a girl. Van loves the name of Vanessa.

VARIETY and Joan Crawford certainly go hand in hand. Her current admirer (at this printing) is Don "Red" Barry, cowboy actor, co-producing a movie with Robert Young. Don's former wife is the sister of Mrs. Wayne Morris.

WE WEREN'T a bit surprised to learn that Dick Haymes had quietly secured his release from 20th. He hasn't made a picture there in over a year. Dick's signed with Universal-International and will co-star with Deanna Durbin in "Song of Norway."



Peter Shaw certainly gets around! Here he is with Angela Lansbury at the Mocambo.

It's laugh-time anytime with Mickey Rooney, below, demonstrating to Diane Garrett.




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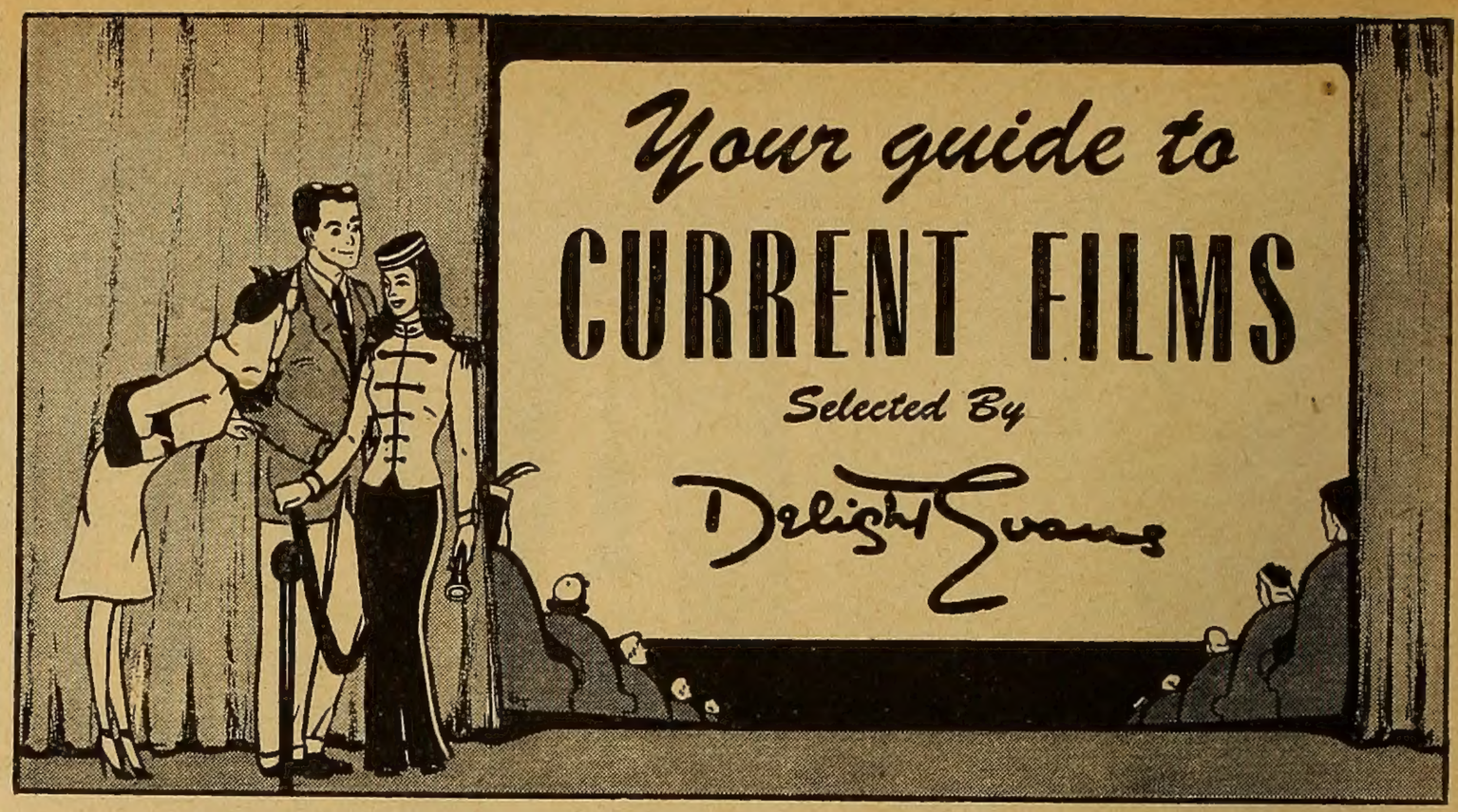
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Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans

ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE



MGM

★

DESERT FURY



Paramount

★

THE GHOST & MRS. MUIR



20th Century-Fox

★

IVY



Universal-International

Van Johnson and his freckles give authenticity to the bucolic character he plays in Jack Cummings' production, directed by Roy Rowland. It's a welcome change of pace. The problem, which has him setting the Missourian farmers at peace with each other after the Civil War, is loaded with pure movie hokum, such as alternating the color of his pants from blue to grey to suit the moods of the North and South sympathizers. But you won't mind that since the story builds dramatically to the romantic and poignant end. Pretty Janet Leigh in her screen début gives a natural and sincere performance as the apple of Van's eye. Thomas Mitchell and Selena Royle, her parents, give him the proper conflict—and excellent support—while Marshall Thompson, as their son, has outstanding brief scenes.

Scenes that quicken the pulse of the fair sex and others that cause men to whistle are highlighted in this Hal Wallis production with Lizabeth Scott and Burt Lancaster making with the desert romance. Oh, to be in Nevada where men are men and you know the rest of it. Strong and virile Burt plays the cop who's biding his time (1) to clamp gangster-gamblers John Hodiak and Wendell Corey (on-the-beam newcomer) in the clinker for a year-old murder, and (2) to catch Lizabeth on the rebound as soon as she discovers Hodiak's true character. There's a sequence in which Lizabeth, locked in her room, wears a sumptuous series of desert attire that'll have femmes aglow with envy—in Technicolor. Mary Astor handles the rôle of gambling house owner with a suitably brittle hardness.

For enchanting, pleasurable romance and comedy this Fred Kohlmar production, directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, starring Gene Tierney, Rex Harrison and George Sanders, takes top honors of the month—and who knows, maybe the year. It'll be hard to beat. Gene Tierney, in her best performance to date, delicately brings the dainty *Mrs. Muir* to life, and sets her firmly down in a dream-of-a-house on the seacoast of England. But it's haunted by the ghost of a lusty sea-captain, Rex Harrison, who designed and built it. The enmity he bears anyone who resides in *his* house blossoms into charming romance when *Mrs. Muir* arrives to scold and chide him. George Sanders is superb as wolfish writer. Natalie Wood and Vanessa Brown, playing the daughter at different ages, are fine.

A beguilingly gowned Joan Fontaine takes on the rôle of murderess in this version of the Marie Belloc Lowndes novel, and carries it off with beautiful charm. Somehow it is hard to picture Joan among the ranks of dark destined women but she administers the poison to gay Richard Ney, her husband in this Sam Wood production, with the greatest of ease, deftly casting suspicion on her saddened lover, Patric Knowles, of whom she is weary, and gaining her freedom to marry a wealthy Englishman, Herbert Marshall. Stars and cast, which includes such experts as Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as the Scotland Yard inspector, Lucile Watson, and Rosalind Ivan, give excellent performances, but the plot needs a shocker gimmick to heighten the suspense—audiences know too much too soon!

THE HOWL IN THE NIGHT IS THE VOICE OF DANGER!

ERROL FLYNN

BARBARA STANWYCK

HIS FIRST MIS-STEP
WILL BE HIS LAST MISTAKE!

IF SHE WEREN'T SO IN LOVE
SHE'D BE SO AFRAID!



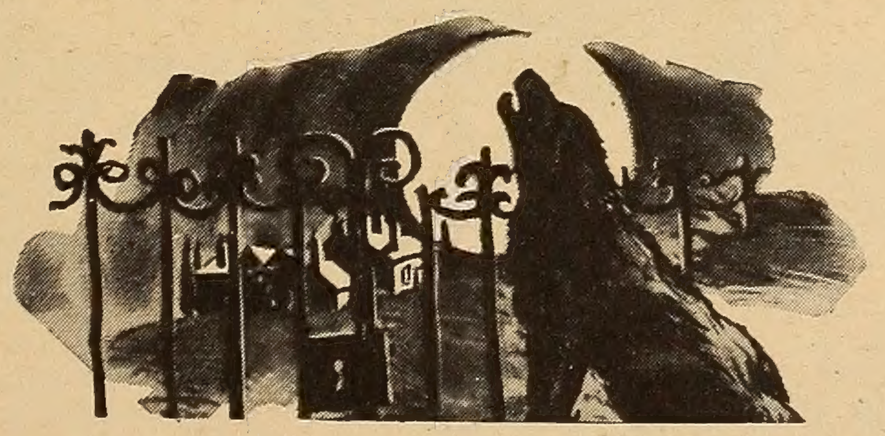
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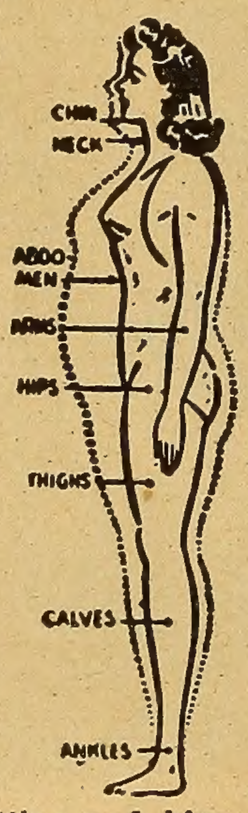


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FIESTA—MGM

Audiences will be longing for a sojourn south of the border after seeing this Technicolor extravaganza, starring Esther Williams as a matador's daughter who carries on the family tradition, and featuring as her music-loving twin brother a brand new personality, Ricardo Montalban, who, if we know star material, certainly has it in abundance. The story accents the cultural life on a palatial hacienda in Mexico, where the gay activities of the twins, swimming, dancing, practicing their "veronicas," keep life humming. The plot is inconsequential, as it usually is in musicals, but your interest will be absorbed by the action and suspense in the bull-fighting scenes, the colorful Mexican dances beautifully executed by Cyd Charisse, playing Montalban's sweetheart. John Carroll as Esther's fiancé is fine.



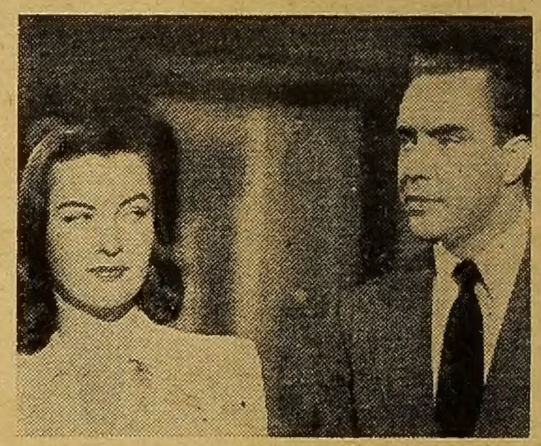
LIFE WITH FATHER—Warners

As nostalgic as an old family tintype is Robert Buckner's film production of Broadway's classic record-breaking play. It's perfect in every detail of the mauve period in which the Clarence Days lived a warm, rich, quarrelsome and affectionate family life—irascible, dictatorial Father and impetuous, sweetly stubborn Mother (William Powell and Irene Dunne) and their four sons (Jimmy Lydon, Derek Scott, Johnny Calkins and Martin Milner)—all redheads A perfect cast, too, with the addition of Elizabeth Taylor, excellent in her first screen romance, Zasu Pitts as Cousin Cora, Edmund Gwenn as Reverend, and many others. Technicolor tones shed a burnished glow to Victorian settings, dialogue, pertinent to the period and free of cliche, add up the score to your perfect enjoyment.



THE LONG NIGHT—RKO

A grim, sullen night it was too, when Henry Fonda, playing an Army veteran to whom Fate has doled out hardships and misfortune by the bucket, holes up in his shabby room and fights with the coppers. That's the somber beginning and the depression of spirits lasts through the film's entire 97 minutes. Barbara Bel Geddes does some fine acting in her movie début as the girl he'd like to marry but whose future is sullied by the loquacious villain, Vincent Price. Ann Dvorak stands out in one of her kind-hearted tough girl rôles. It has a worthy message, but it's apt to be forgotten in the welter of flashbacks. If you think you have troubles, better see this picture!



THE WEB—Universal-International

Here is a refreshing relief from the overpowering psychiatric murder cycle which has gripped audiences in months past. Tops in melodrama, Jerry Basler's production, directed by Broadway's Michael Gordon in his first screen chore, boasts a cast of characters all of whom are in their right mind! Edmond O'Brien steps blithely from his success in "The Killers" into the rôle of the honest lawyer, caught in the web of evil machinations of industrialist, Vincent Price, and runs away with the acting laurels. The story is crammed with suspense, and the dialogue plays a staccato on your funny bone. Ella Raines, as the tycoon's private secretary, rounds out the love interest.



REPEAT PERFORMANCE—Eagle-Lion

Joan Leslie launches off into heavyweight drama in this version of William O'Farrell's novel presenting the interesting premise that things would be different if you could live last year over again. Joan gives an admirable performance as the sophisticated actress wife of Louis Hayward's alcoholic playwright. Their performances, and that of Richard Basehart, featured as the poet who protects her from her husband's final abuse, help maintain interest. Virginia Fields gives good account of the "other woman," Tom Conway appeals as Joan's agent.

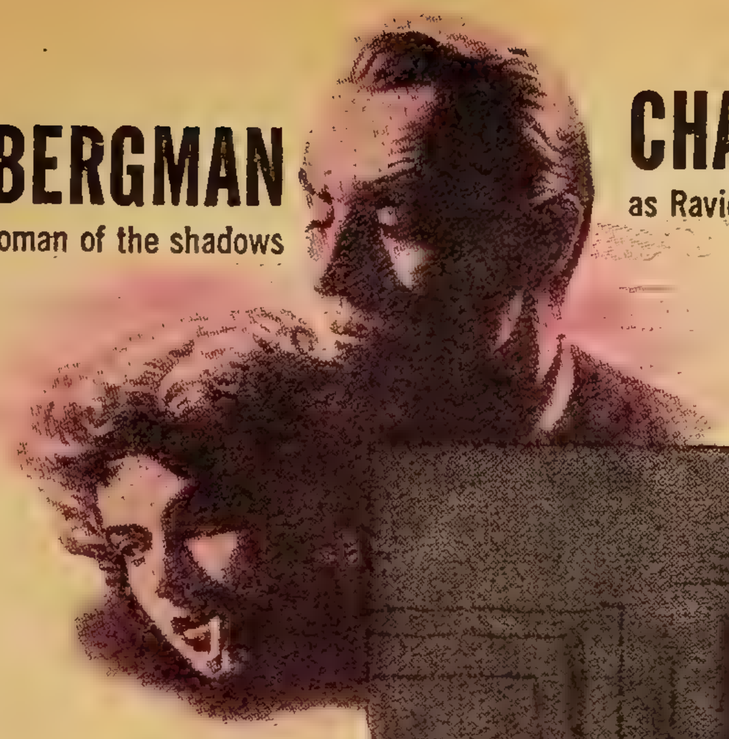


LIVING IN A BIG WAY—MGM

Gene Kelly's first picture since the war is a sensational success—for Mr. Kelly. His fans will once more cheer his unique charm and sincerity—but most of all his dancing is more wonderful than ever. Three solo numbers establish him as a great and imaginative artist, and help take your mind off the plot, which makes a noble try at picturing the problems of the ex-G.I.s, but never quite achieves its important point. Marie MacDonald, as Gene's war bride, is highly decorative but a disappointment in the acting department. It's all Gene's show, making it an absolute must for our money.

INGRID BERGMAN
as Joan Madou, a woman of the shadows

CHARLES BOYER
as Ravic, the ghost doctor



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Fans' Forum



LOST TALENT

First Prize Letter
$10.00

All right, so I get weak in the knees when I see Tyrone Power, Ray Milland and Cornel Wilde, but Hollywood has a lot of talent going to waste. Bob Stack for one. We had much too small a sample of him in "First Love" back in '39. Tom Drake showed what an actor he was in "The Beginning or the End," so they cast him as an inane young lawyer in a Durbin picture. Phooie! They gave us a hint of Guy Madison in "Till the End of Time" and left us waiting in vain. They have been searching for a lead for the Valentino picture and Robert Lowery is making "B" flickers. (If you don't believe he could do it, look up the *Tarzan* desert picture of a couple years back in which Lowery was cast as an Arab!) There's a young fellow named Johnny Coy who has looks, acting ability and can out-Astaire Fred in his hey-day.

Most of all—John Payne. What a waste of talent! A few years back he began by being straight man for Faye and Grable. Then came a pic titled "Remember the Day," and Johnny proved he was an actor. So what happened? Back to Grable. They gave him a small chance in "Sentimental Journey," then came a boring little thing called "Wake Up and Dream." I say, "Wake up, Hollywood! You have plenty of star material on your hands, and their names aren't Mason, Grable or Peck!"

Oh, to be a casting director!

MARGARET MONTAGUE, Lancaster, Ohio

SHINGLE, SHINGLE, LITTLE STAR

$5.00

R. Lambkin's recent Fans' Forum letter hits the nail right on the hairdo. I am one of countless thousands who feel cheated at finding a 1920-1930 story marred by the fact that the hairdos are 1947 style. The example given, "Margie," is only one of so many! I think the worst was "The Roaring Twenties," in which Priscilla Lane wore shoulder-length hair as a flapper of the Twenties—a period during which such a girl would have had at least a close shingle with straight bangs, or even an Eton crop. Certainly Ingrid Bergman has shown, both as *Maria* in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" and in "Arch of Triumph," that you don't have to have trailing tresses to be dynamic and beautiful.

Currently, bangs are making many a "typed" star over; and the way gals have gone for bangs after seeing pictures of Ingrid, Ella Raines, Joan Crawford (who's trouper enough to wear her hair in period), Gloria De Haven, Annelle Stevens and others in the magazines ought to prove to the studio moguls that America is ready for and will indorse and adopt a return of the close shingle. Just let one star really go for it and that loud snipping noise you hear will be gals of America paying the most touching of all tributes to their heroines—following suit!

Remembering Colleen Moore as the prototype of the flapper with her straight bangs and fascinating shingle, I'd like to suggest someone like Nancy Guild to play the part of Colleen in her biographical story—but with an authentic hairdo, all the way, including the bangs and the boyish shingle. I think it would start something! And if "Billion Dollar Baby" is to be made

What's New with You?

Have you seen any good movies, or performances by outstanding personalities lately? Of course you have! And naturally you want to discuss the subject of movies, personalities, and Hollywood topics with your fellow Forumeers. Get your letter in now! Monthly awards for the best letters published: $10.00, $5.00 and five $1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York.

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"...'s Stay Young Forever"
"...ve Have More Fun
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LARRY Parks

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in

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ADELE JERGENS - GEORGE MACREADY - WILLIAM FRAWLEY

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Songs by Allan Roberts and Doris Fisher
Directed by ALEXANDER HALL
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into a picture, let Hollywood for once make it really authentic—shingles, bangs, Eton crop, and all the rest of the hairdos of the Twenties. For they did have beauty and drama of their own in the costumes of the period! And tell 'em to include somewhere the very dramatic incident when a long-haired girl gave in and went to a barber-shop (a man's barber shop, please!) and there submitted to a shearing down to a short crop. It will be a surprise to a lot of the present generation.

F. Scott Fitzgerald did a story that has never been in the movies and would make an ideal period piece of the Twenties—humor, pathos and all—called "Bernice Bobs Her Hair:" Because I was a sort of *Bernice* I loved that story, and I'd like to see it made into a picture, as a relief from the preoccupation of Hollywood with psychiatry, battle, murder and sudden death. But, authentic, please, Hollywood, authentic! In dress and hairdo!

F. BREWER, Des Moines, Ia.

LESSON IN LAUGHTIME

$1.00

Because it was one of those drippy, droopy evenings tonight, I dropped into a neighborhood movie and met "The Farmer's Daughter." Somehow, I always had the idea that Loretta Young, Joseph Cotten and especially Ethel Barrymore were the serious type—but their clowning had that catching-as-smallpox "light touch" and I'm still giggling!

Funniest thing of all, I only realized later that "The Farmer's Daughter" had a message. Yet I got the idea, and it was a honey. Matter of fact, I think the laughs (especially that political double-talk and "fish for sale") really packed a much bigger punch than a dozen dreary "documentaries" about good government, tolerance, tenacity of purpose and other points ever could. So I say give us more lessons in laughtime, Hollywood!

BABS BEDFORD, New York 22, N. Y.

BRITISH BRIDE'S MOVIE-EYE VIEW

$1.00

Every time I hear people say, "Oh, films are all phoney, not a bit like real life," I get mad. You see, I'm an English bride, and when I married an American I paid more attention than ever to the details of American films. I can assure you I was doubly rewarded. The difference in our countries didn't come as such a shock, for hadn't I got accustomed to American ways, customs, mode of living, etc., from the movies?

Don't ever let me hear people complain that films misrepresent Americans to other countries. To me they have proved both educational and entertaining.

TERRY HOFFMAN, Savannah, Ga.

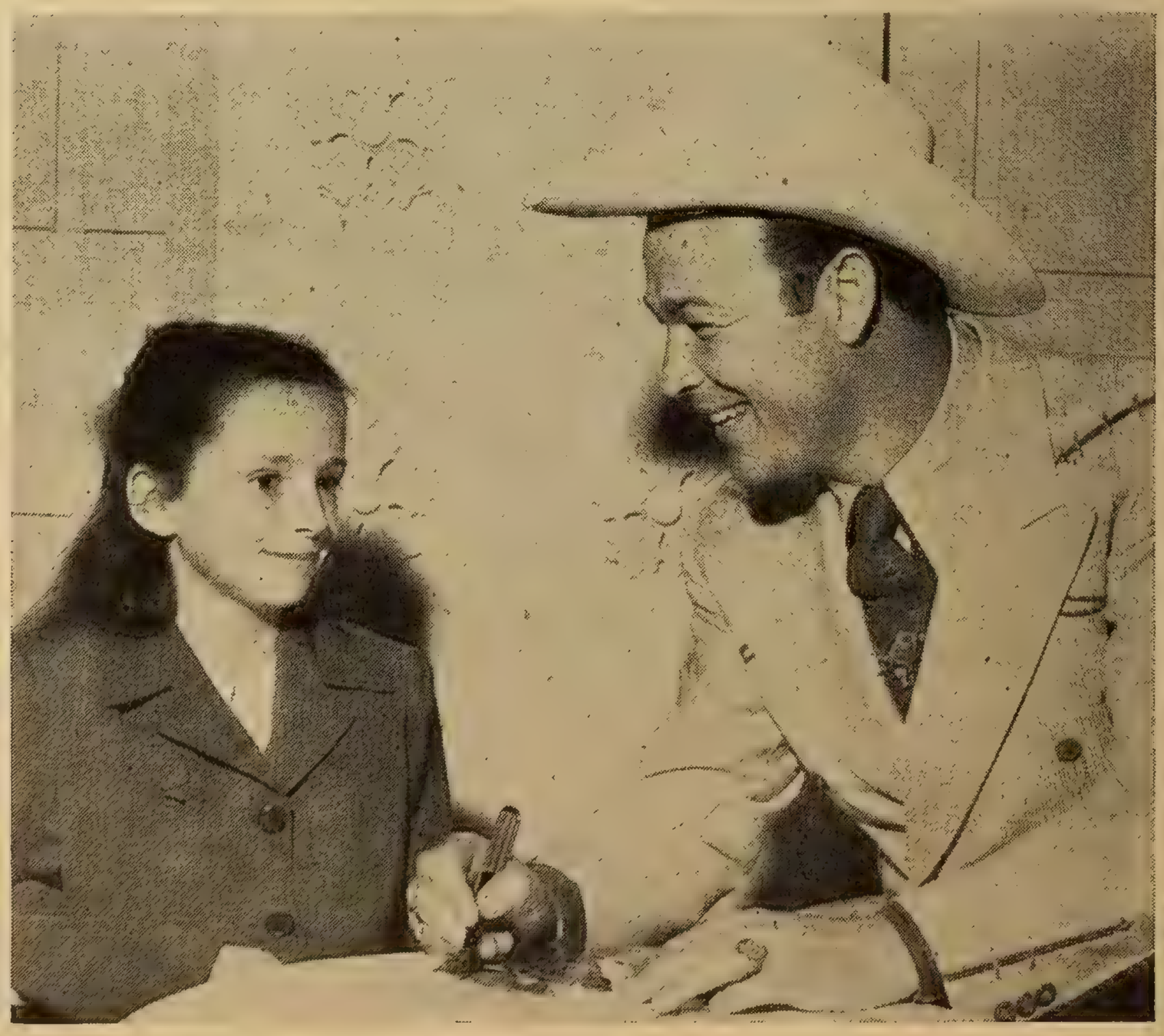
THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A MOVIE

$1.00

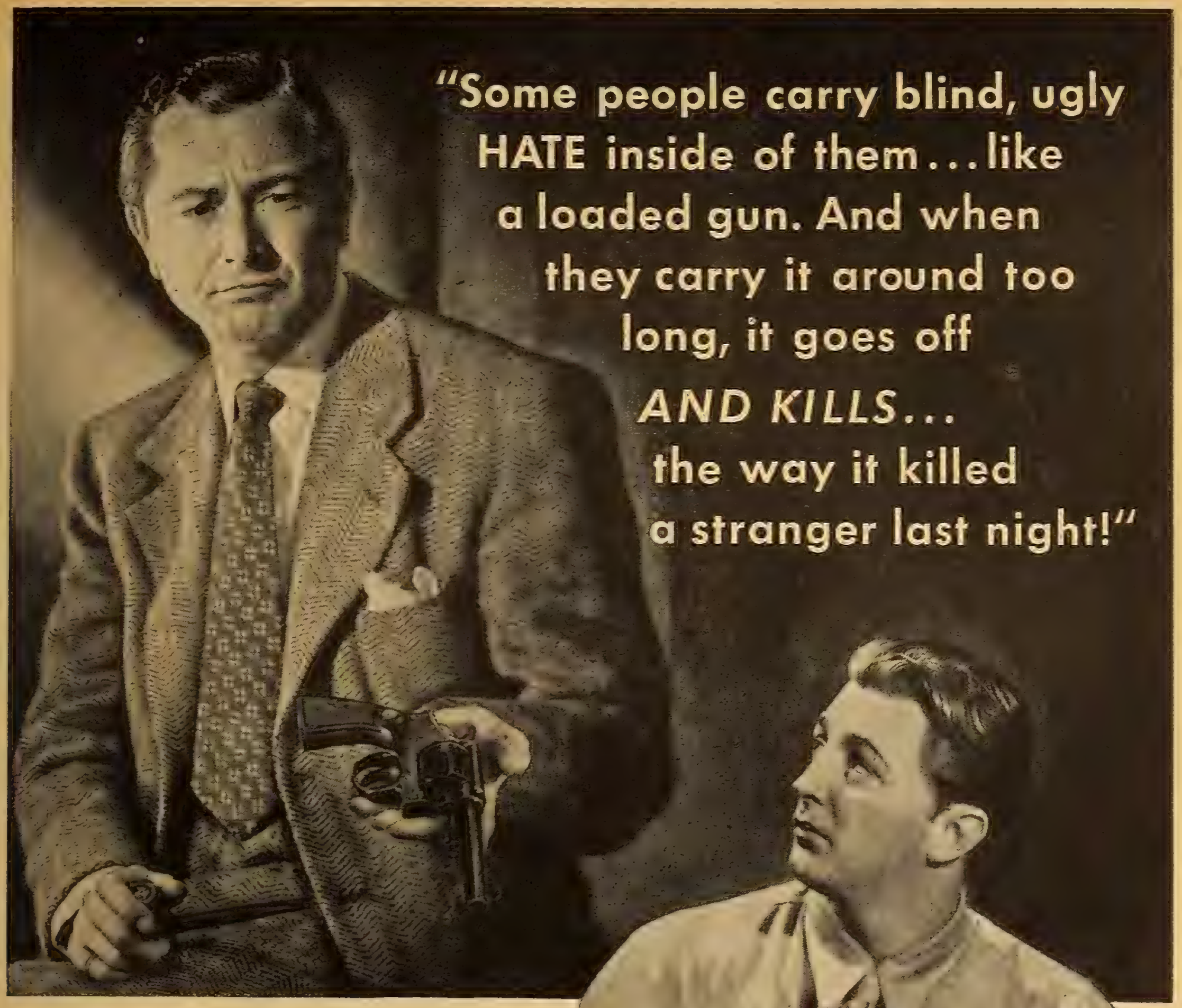
Recently, while watching a rehash of an old Western film on a television set, my companion and I got to debating the possibility of television ever replacing our present movies. We were seated in a neighborhood café, which honestly caters to a nice class of people.

I am not particularly fond of cowboy thrillers, but it would have been all the same had it been "Leave Her to Heaven," or any other top-notch drama. Just as I'd find myself getting really interested in our hero's daring battle, some lug, standing up behind me, would shove a tray of empty beer glasses between my friend and me, bellow an order for "Six more!" Groups of other patrons, who have no doubt seen

(*Please turn to page 77*)



Roy Rogers' Thrill Circus took the Big City by storm recently, and gave the cowboy crooner an opportunity to meet personally a great number of his movie fans. Here he is with Cosette Mace.



DORE SCHARY presents

ROBERT YOUNG · ROBERT MITCHUM · ROBERT RYAN

in

"Crossfire"

with GLORIA GRAHAME · PAUL KELLY · SAM LEVENE

Produced by ADRIAN SCOTT · Directed by EDWARD DMYTRYK

Screen Play by JOHN PAXTON

RKO RADIO PICTURES



...the ex-Army sergeant who thought he knew all the answers!



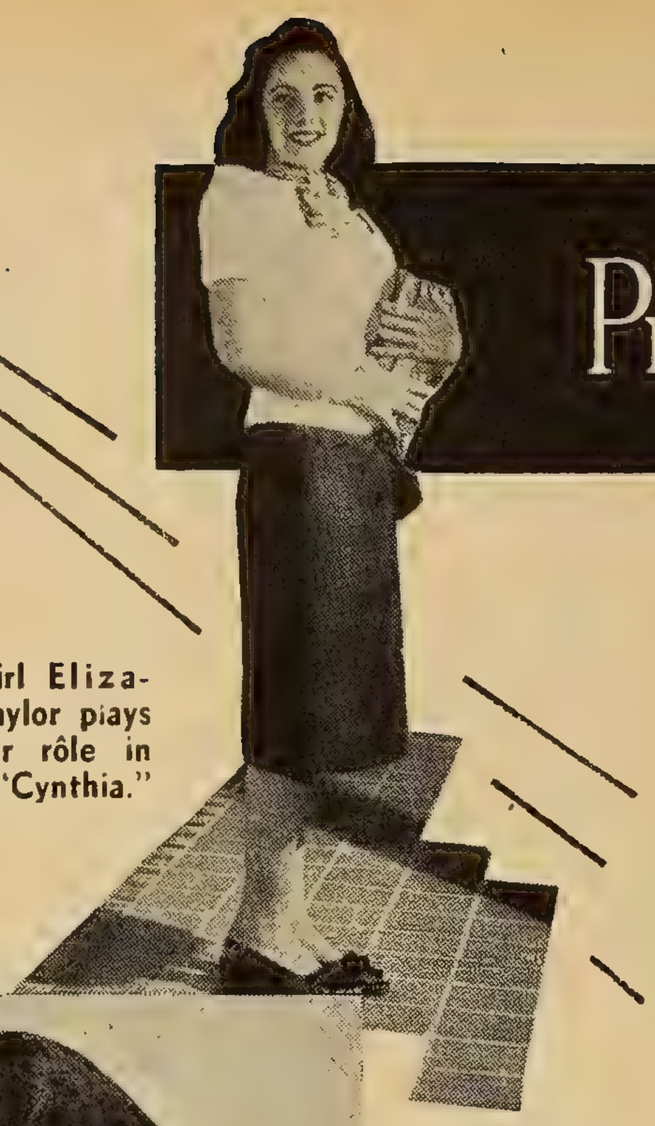
...the dance-hall girl who met a lot of men —but how was she to remember *all* of them!



...the wife who begged an alibi from her rival—to save her husband from the chair!

...the hero who recovered the rage he thought he lost on the battlefield—to help avenge the killing!

Pretty Girls are Smart Girls



Schoolgirl Elizabeth Taylor plays the star rôle in MGM's "Cynthia."

PRETTY soon the lovely lazy summer days will be over and girls and boys all over the country will be trekking back to various and sundry classrooms. With it comes the heady excitement of meeting new people, talking over the summer's doings and generally getting back in the groove. Sad but true, the tempo changeth in September. No longer may Missy loll in bed 'til noon. She must be up and at it in the a.m., looking rosy and rested.

So with the new tempo comes time for a new morning schedule. One that will perk you up after your summer and make you hep to getting things done. We have a schedule prepped for you, which, if you follow it, will help you get to class on time and go through your school day like a breeze.

It all starts the night before when you start the ball rolling by getting your clothes ready to wear the next day. If your best blouse has a button missing, you'll sew it then to save fuss in the a. m. Or, if your skirt needs a pressing, shoes a shine, or your hem a stitch, you'll do it now before the morrow. When clothes are all ready, then up with your hair, *(Please turn to page 75)*



Well-cared-for hands and fingernails are a "must" for Elizabeth.



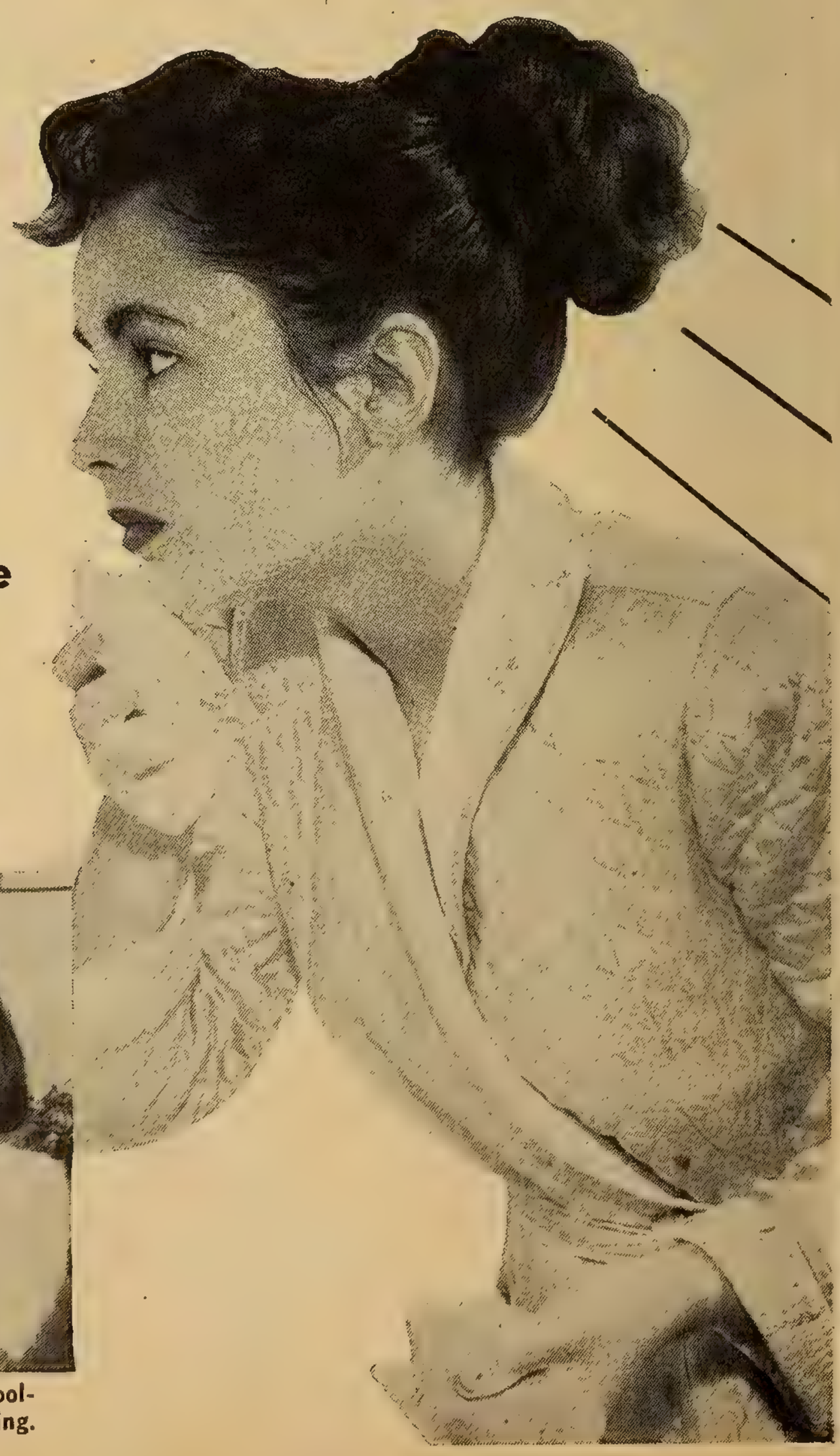
Nightly brushing keeps her topknot looking shining and lovely.



Elizabeth lays out the clothes that she plans to wear next day.

Smart Elizabeth Taylor knows that good grooming is the key to a girl's popularity

By Claire Finucane



Elizabeth's flawless complexion gets a thorough brush scrubbing.



Shoes, too, must be carefully polished for the next day's wearing.

"Why Don't You Have Yourself a Big Time?"

— says Bing Crosby

"Folks in the know here in Hollywood agree about a great Technicolor motion picture called 'Mother Wore Tights.' I am not in it, though I wish I was, but I'm one of the many thousands in show business who hopes everybody will see it.

"To us in the theatrical world it hits home. It's a story of family life and family affections—warm, tender and real—proving that in their hearts show folks are no different from other folk.

"'Mother Wore Tights' is fine entertainment. Betty Grable's in it and I vow I've never seen her more glamorous or fascinating. Playing opposite her is Dan Dailey, and five will get you fifty that his performance is going to make him a star over night.

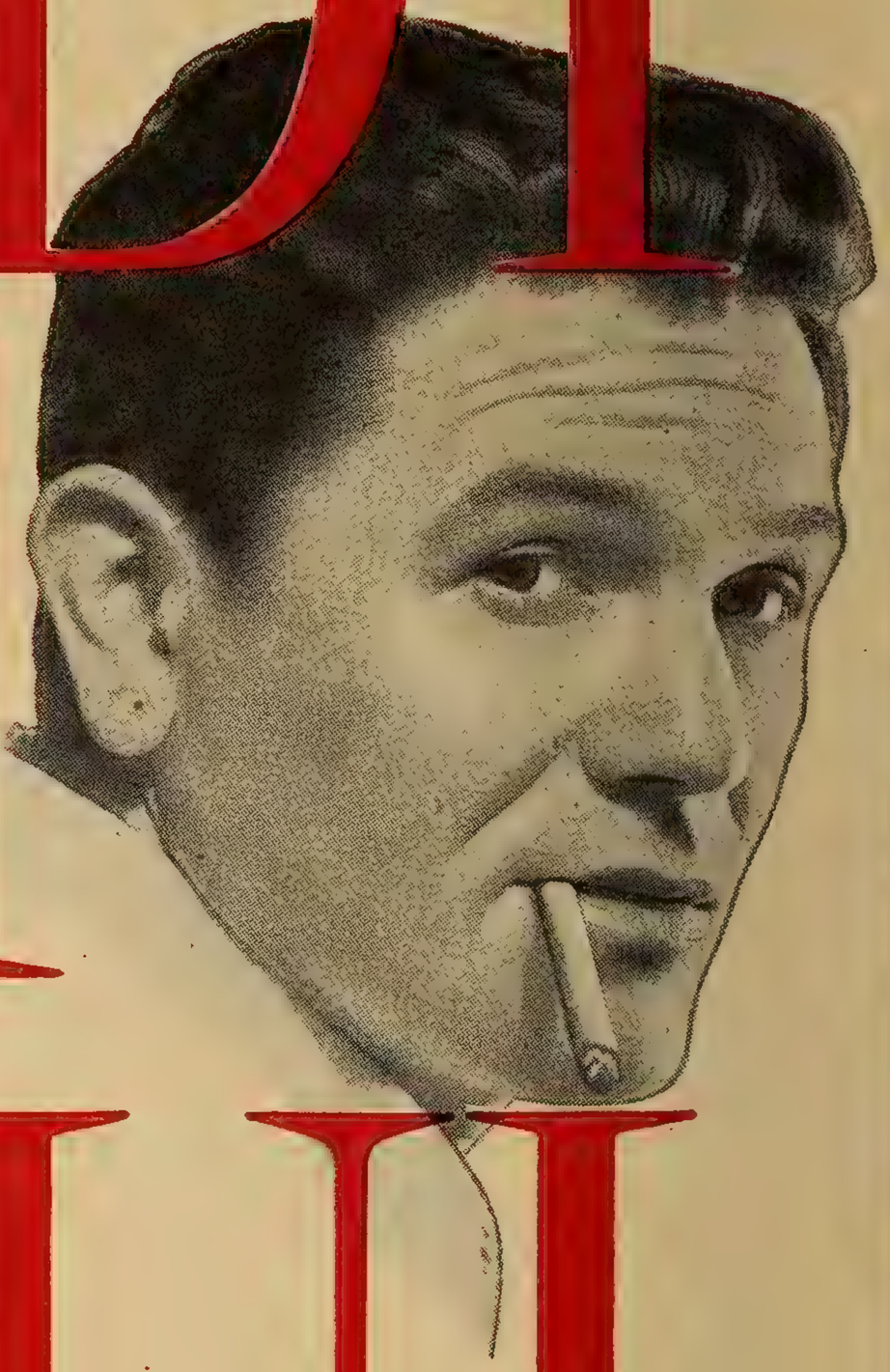
"Why don't you have yourself a big time and see 'Mother Wore Tights'? I know you'll enjoy every minute of it."



The story of a guy that women go for!

BODY and SOUL







JOHN GARFIELD
LILLI PALMER
in 'Body and Soul'

and introducing exciting
HAZEL BROOKS
as ALICE

with
ANNE REVERE

WILLIAM CONRAD • JOSEPH PEVNEY • LLOYD GOFF • CANADA LEE

Original screenplay by ABRAHAM POLONSKY • Directed by ROBERT ROSSEN • Produced by BOB ROBERTS

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

A new climax in entertainment from THE ENTERPRISE STUDIOS

The Editor's Page

AN OPEN LETTER TO *MRS. MUIR* (GENE TIERNEY) WITH AN ASIDE TO *THE GHOST* (REX HARRISON)



So we said you couldn't act!

We (calling ourselves critics, film reviewers, or what would *you* call us?) opened our big mouths and words like these kept coming out: "Of course she's lovely to look at. Nice girl, too. Pity she can't act."

Now we're trying to eat those words. Chewing 'em is easy enough, but when it comes to trying to swallow them, somehow we can't quite get them down. Know why? I think it's because we hear a strange, mocking voice with a British accent chuckling, "You're so smart! She *can* act. *I* knew it all the time. What did you expect—a Duse at twenty? I didn't learn that fast. It takes a while, didn't you know? A lot of hard work, and study. Now you know, you fat-heads. I give you —Gene Tierney, actress!"

Was that Rex Harrison speaking? All I know, I can't get his laugh, his swagger as *Captain Daniel* out of my head. I can't forget Gene Tierney's hauntingly beautiful—and technically excellent—performance as *Mrs. Muir.* I sighed and cried and lived with "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" and I don't care who knows it. And, Miss T., if anyone ever tries to tell me again that yes, you're a beauty but no actress, I'm going to invoke your guardian ghost again. *He'll* take care of them.

Delight Evans

Sing, Sing, Sing!

Crooning tenderly to Joan Fontaine in Paramount's "The Emperor Waltz" — here's a new, romantic Crosby







BING *by Dixie Lee* CROSBY ★

Collectors' item! For the fourth time, Mrs. Crosby talks to you readers about Bing

IT WAS some years ago that the editor of SCREENLAND, Miss Delight Evans, first asked me to put down in black and white, my impression of the notorious Bing. The first time, we were a young married couple with stars in our eyes, the "first year" safely behind us, and it was a privilege to tell a palpitant world what I thought of Bing.

Several years sped by. "Tell us how Bing has changed in this time," Delight wrote me. And I wrote, "Plenty."

More years passed. I tackled the typewriter again. And now—! I am stymied. What can I say? A man doesn't change every whipstitch the way a snake sheds its skin every spring. Not a man like Bing, anyhow. I feel sorry for wives whose husbands do. They no sooner get to know their husbands then presto! he's changed and they have a new one to get acquainted with. In the beginning I could note cursory changes. But now—well, to me, he's still "just Bing."

He is still color-blind. He still wears the most startling clothes combination the human mind and eye can (*Please turn to page* 87



This article is published by special request of Crosby fans who consider Mrs. C.'s three previous articles about her husband cherished items of Crosbyana. Top: Bing greets starlet Virginia Welles at Paramount Studios; Dixie and Bing at movie premiere; Ingrid Bergman and Director Millestone amused at visitor Crosby's clowning on "Arch of Triumph" set.

Memo to: John Garfield

Hard-hitting guy with the heart of a fighter and the soul of an artist, Garfield is summed up in the same words he used when asked what he wants his baby son to be when he grows up: "A decent human being"

By Gladys Hall

AT THE 21 Club, in New York, you were studying the luncheon menu, which is written in French. You shook your head, put it down and said to the hovering waiter, "What in thunder, I can't read this—bring me a hamburger!"

Admiring the gray-suited elegance of Al Jolson, seated at a nearby table, the rhapsody in blue serge which, across the room from us, was Joseph Cotten, you said, "Funny thing about me, I don't know how to dress. It isn't that I haven't any taste. It's just that I'm not good at color schemes. Before I left on this trip to New York, my wife packed my suits, told me what tie I should wear with each suit, and even wrote it all down for me, on paper. Yesterday, as I started to dress, I found I'd lost the color chart. So I called a friend. 'Okay to wear a green tie with a solid brown suit?' I asked. 'Okay,' he said.

Of a box-office, but somewhat bumptious star, it was recently remarked, "He's attractive, yes, but awful uppity!" No one can use or, I'll lay a bet, will ever be able to use the word 'uppity' of you, John. You've come a long way from Rivington Street, on the lower East Side of New York, where you were born, and from the Bronx where you grew up. But you never forget that your father was a tailor ("NOT Fifth Avenue!" you say) who worked in a garment factory with hands that had to work exhaustingly hard and fast in order to keep up with contracts—and expenses.

Conditioned, as you were, to the humble men who expect no credit and get meager rewards for the sweat they spend explains (*Please turn to page* 82)



With his devoted wife, Robbie



Producer without screen credit: Garfield

With Lilli Palmer in a love scene

With Hazel Brooks in "Body and Soul"

It's the Gypsy in Her

Marlene Dietrich, tired of tame rôles, relishes her fiery new characterization opposite Ray Milland in "Golden Earrings" at Paramount

the Reformation of RONNIE





THERE was nothing revolutionary (with one possible exception) about the particular scene they were shooting for "The Voice of the Turtle." The sound stage was churning—makeup men, hairdressers, wardrobe women—the usual people automatically performing their usual duties. The usual people who never quite seem to serve any function. Clutter, chatter, utter confusion that magically dissolves itself into coordination the second they start rolling.

In the center of the set there was a bed. In the bed there was a young man, a good-looking young man who was lying there quietly, peacefully, relaxed. His eyes were closed, the corners of his mouth curved in a slight smile. Persistent prop men pushed the bed first to the left, then to the right. Electricians adjusted huge swaying lamps that groaned and shuddered, as heavy black cables impeded their progress. Completely oblivious to sights, sounds, activity, the prone passenger, who was Ronald Reagan, continued to lay there—*fast asleep!*

Finally they were ready to shoot. Eleanor Parker in the rôle made famous by Margaret Sullavan in the theater was called into the scene. Wearing new thick bangs that made her pert and prettier (if possible), she took her place at Ronnie's bedside. Director Irving Rapper walked over, put his hand on the slumberer's shoulders and gently shook him.

"Wake up, Ronnie," he kidded. "You are supposed to be *acting* on Mr. Warner's time!"

Ronnie (*Please turn to page* 65)

Once a charter member of the "B and B" (Batting Brains out) Club, Ronnie Reagan has dusted off his sense of humor and learned to relax

By Jerry Asher





Top, and tops with Ronnie: Jane Wyman Reagan. With fellow player Rosemary DeCamp, left, co-star Viveca Lindfors, above, of Warners' "Night Unto Night."

Discussing the question:

"Are Young Marriages Wise?"



Forum Conducted By Jack Holland

Presenting

Screenland's Star Advisers

HOLLAND: You'll be glad to know we've had good response from our series so far, and our current topic should be of even wider interest. This month we're going to swap ideas on "Are Young Marriages Wise?" And if you think that's not an important topic, you should read of the number of young people getting married—and then read the divorce statistics. So—do you feel there are too many young marriages today? Have they a chance? Why don't you start the argument off, Shirley, since you were married when you were seventeen?

SHIRLEY: I don't think there are too many young marriages today—at least not between kids who were as young as I was when I became Mrs. Agar. What's wrong with a boy and girl getting married anyway if they're in love, and if the parents actually approve? Guess I'm a romantic!

GLENN: Personally, I'm sick and tired of referring to the younger generation in a belittling tone. To say that people are too young to marry is ridiculous. Naturally, I'm not speaking of child marriages. But how is one to ar-

WHAT QUESTION DO YOU WANT THESE STARS TO DISCUSS NEXT?

Here's your chance to learn your screen favorites' frank reactions to your personal question. Surely you have a problem you'd like candidly discussed by these famous stars. Screenland's Star Advisers want to hear from you; they will select the questions they consider most interesting and give you the benefit of their valuable opinions. Come, join in!



Shirley Temple, who married John Agar (right) at seventeen, is surely well qualified to discuss the problem of young marriages.



rive at a decision as to who is too young to marry in this age of the atom? After all, it won't hurt to remember that only a few years ago the same kids we now say are too young to marry took up arms in defense of their country. If they're old enough to die, they're old enough to march to the preacher. Besides, the alleged wiser and older generation hasn't made such a good job of the world that they can tell anyone what to do. Let them put their own house in order first.

IRENE: You're certainly a spirited member of our board, Glenn, and I agree in a way. I approve of young marriages but with a qualification—I think it all depends on how mature the boy and girl are in their minds. If they have formed definite opinions. *That's* the big factor.

BOB: I don't even think there's a qualification— (*Please turn to page* 69)



Glenn Ford, husband of noted dancer Eleanor Powell and devoted father of young Peter, nevertheless holds startling views.





Linda Darnell, who was married to Peverell Marley while still in her teens, knows whereof she speaks.





Irene Dunne, shown below with her husband, Dr. Griffin, says she approves of young marriages but only with very definite qualifications.

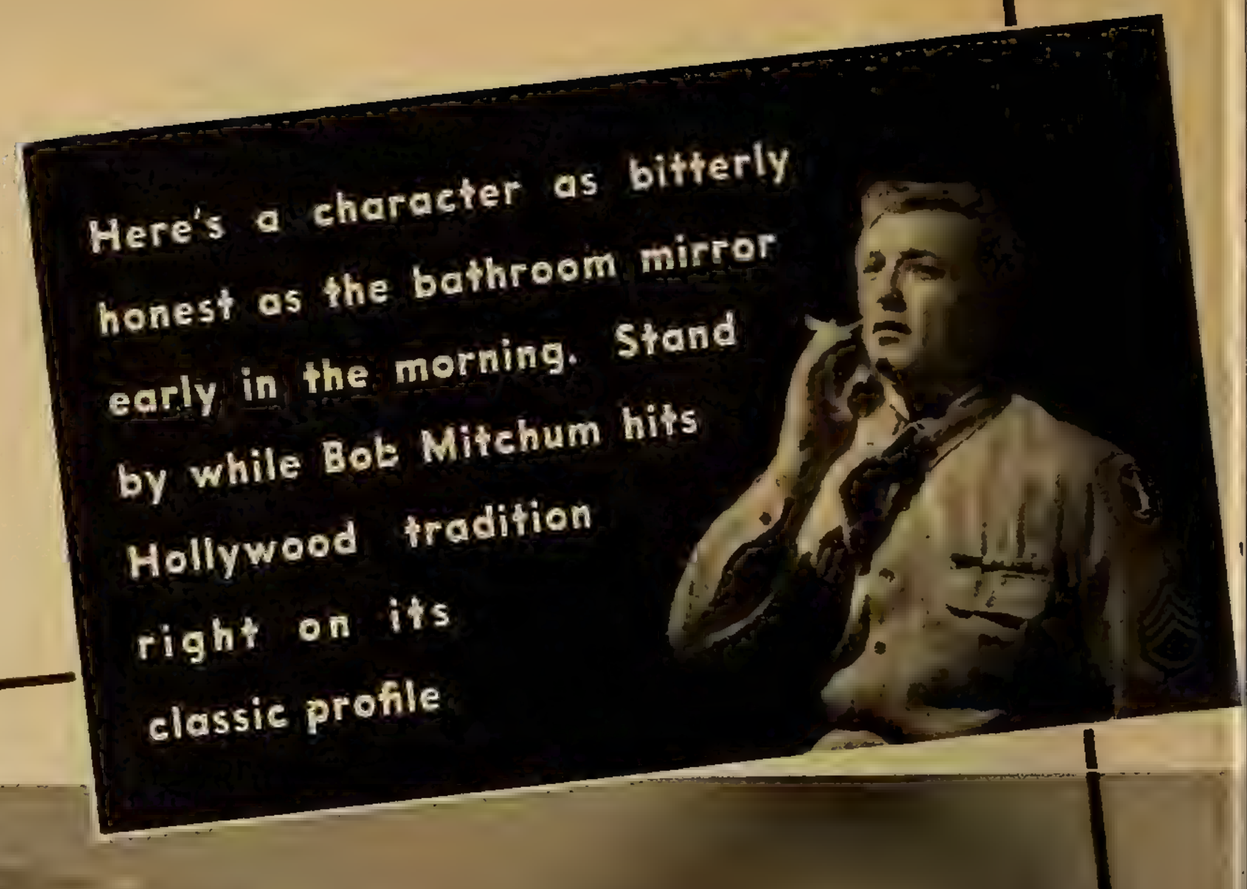




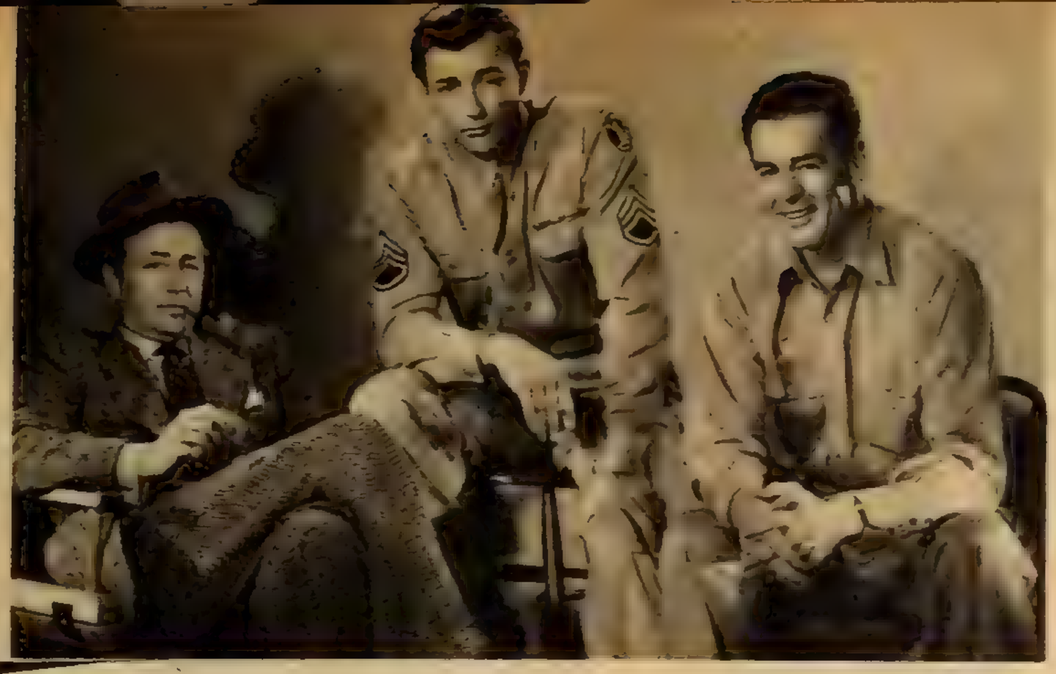
Robert Cummings' first marriage didn't work out. Now happily married to lovely Mary Eliot, he expresses strong views.
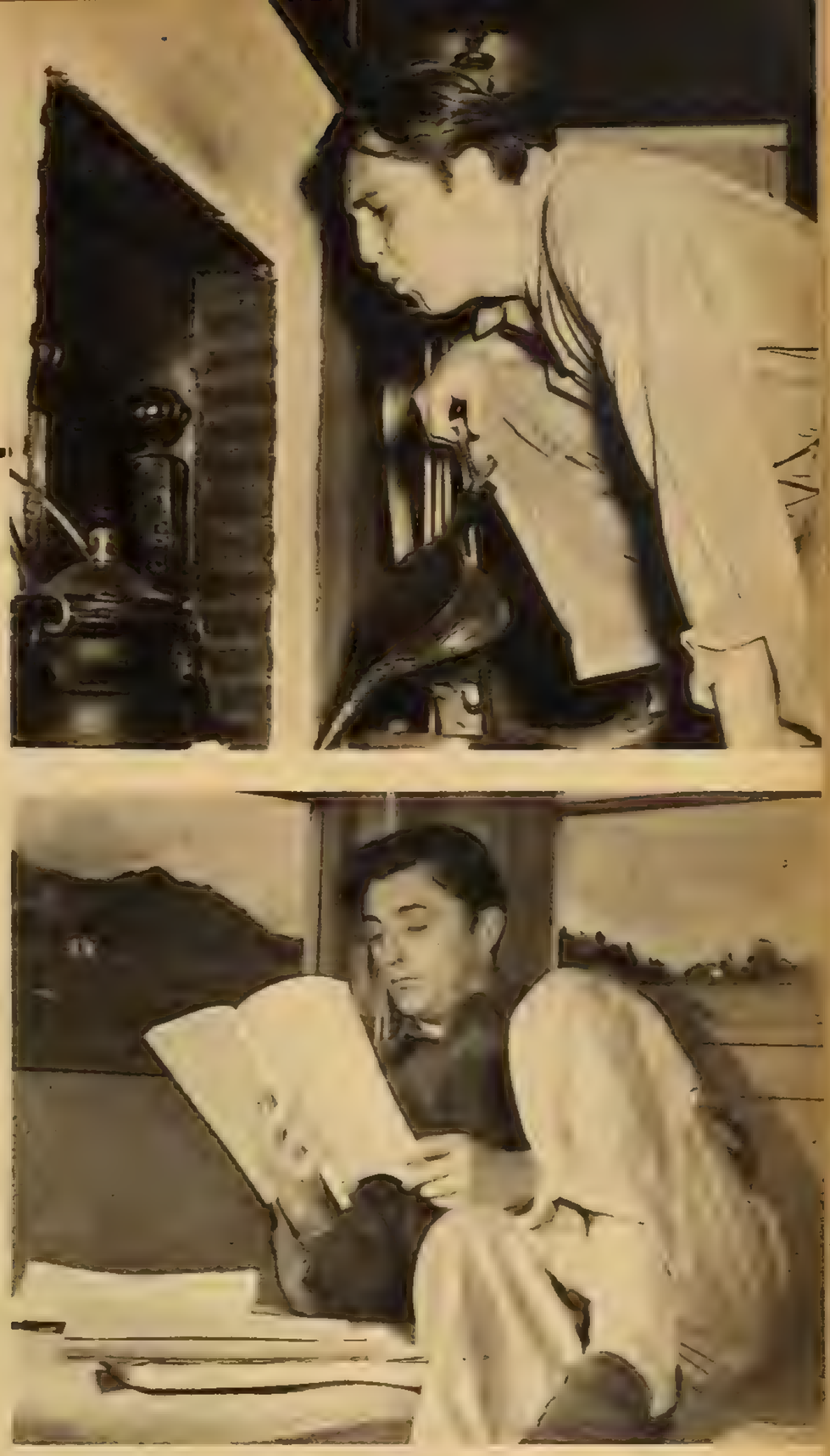


SLIGHTLY TERRIFIC



By Alyce Canfield







Bob's broadsides are making Hollywood sit up and take notice. Currently one of the hottest box-office bets, directors are begging for him, studios borrowing him from RKO at $200,000 per picture. Above and right, candid photos of a typical Mitchum day off. Top, actor Mitchum and his co-stars of "Crossfire": Robert Young and Robert Ryan.



WHEN Robert Mitchum first came to Hollywood, he didn't bowl them over in one night. No, he ambled along in a few Westerns making his fans, and his pictures, one by one. You can't write his success story and use that oldie, "Overnight he was a star!" He wasn't. Still, neither did he hang around and hit the public consciousness after years of struggle, trial and error. He may not have had a sensational rise to the top. He may not have been terrific, straight off. But he's been slightly terrific, to coin a Goldwynism, ever since he arrived in Hollywood via the rods of a freight car.

Even his way of thinking is slightly terrific. In other words, it's not so different as to get him thrown out of Hollywood, but it's different enough to make others sit up and take notice when he is speaking. He isn't in a mental rut. He forms his own opinions, makes his own judgments—and never according to popular formula. Robert Mitchum is a "character," and he wears this title with an air.

There's a certain brashness about him, a certain derision for too-prissy conventions, a certain way of poking verbal fun at the routine way of living. Part of this you feel is real, and part you sense is "put on." You get the impression from talking with Bob Mitchum that he's trying awfully hard to shock you with his directness, his lack of pretense, his smashing broadsides at Hollywood. If you looked only at the surface, you might be fooled into thinking he is rather an insensitive person. You might not realize that right below that show-off manner is a real guy, one who is refreshing and different in a town too often loaded with phony people, phony reactions, and phony life stories. This sincerity has resulted in a smash box-office personality, a fact that causes RKO to point to him with pride and theater exhibitors all over the country to count their receipts with happy satisfaction.

Bob's honesty weaves itself into the fabric of his daily living. He constantly pokes fun at himself. Six-one, tall, virile, low-lidded, and possessed of great magnetism and sex (*Please turn to page* 66)

Photos by Ernest A. Bachrach; RKO


Starring in "Slave Girl" and "Brute Force" for Universal-International
Exclusive color photo by Rex Jones

Girl of the Month - Yvonne De Carlo



Are you a September child? Then chances are:

Blue is your color,
Sapphire your stone,
Wednesday's the day
The fellas will phone.









More Power MALONE

Dorothy, dreamy dynamo from Texas, still likes Dallas better than Hollywood

By Kate Holliday

DOROTHY MALONE could easily be the most obnoxious girl in Hollywood. I still cannot understand why she is, instead, one of the most delightful. Miss M., you should know, lives a life so strenuous that the innocent bystander first gasps in amazement and then refuses utterly to attempt to keep up with her. Moreover, she has always existed in this fashion. Her childhood and adolescence in Texas, for instance, were so jammed with functions and activity that she at times seemed almost superhuman. It is this which could make her "Least Popular Girl in Town"—at least in my book.

Dottie is saved from being a younger version of Nellie Bly or Mrs. Roosevelt by several things. First, she is distinctly on the beautiful side. She's quite tall, one of the few girls I've ever seen whom you could actually call "willowy," has light brown hair and an excellently modeled face which features a pair of the most unusual blue-grey eyes on this continent. Her voice is soft, husky, and portrays her good breeding, and she has the further attribute of being able to say extremely funny things so casually that her listener does a double-take and then falls blissfully into hysterics. Second, Dorothy maintains that she never *planned* to be so active in so many fields.

"I'm just a joiner, I guess," she told me. "And I didn't have any sales resistance."

When you hear that, you feel better about her. I do. (*Please turn to page* 64)

Her heart's still in Dallas, but Hollywood won't let her go back because she's one of the best star bets in town. Warner Bros. know it so they're teaming her with Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan in "Two Guys from Texas," just to make her feel at home.



"Red Majesty

...PLEASES THAT LAD IN MY LIFE!"... *says Mrs. ALAN LADD*

...delightful wife of the dashing screen star

If you want your lips to be teasingly pleasing ...to look glamourous and amourous...to have that exciting, inviting glow that brings a warm glow in every man's heart...then do as so many Hollywood beauties do—for your very next lipstick, choose that terrific new Tangee hit-shade...Red Majesty!



To lovely women, Tangee offers a complete line of matched beauty aids.



CONSTANCE LUFT KUHN
Head of the House of Tangee and creator of Tangee Red Majesty Lipstick and Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.

Red Majesty
NEW HIT SHADE BY
Tangee



MEET the Bride



Sue's not an actress, has only one ambition—to be a good little wife and home-maker to John. Problem Number One: living with friends, the young Sands are still trying to find a home of their own.



Big DOS star Gregory Peck says, "Good luck, kids," as Johnny presents his blonde bride. Johnny plays Shirley Temple's boy friend in "Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer." A promising career looms ahead.

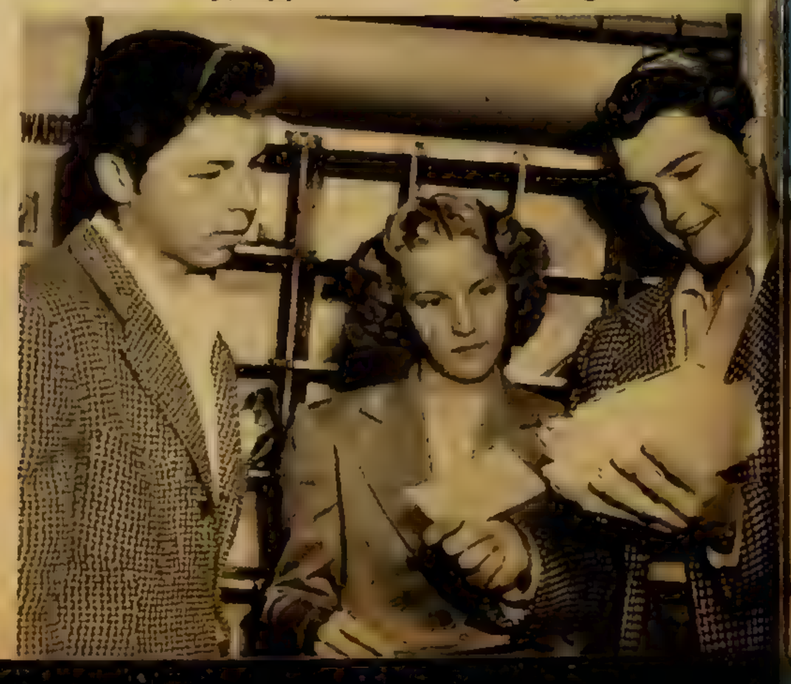
Johnny Sands proudly shows cute wife Sue around the Selznick lot. Both just turned 20, both from Texas, they're sweethearts from high-school days

Exclusive photos by John Miehle

At left below, executive Henry Willson, who "discovered" Johnny for films, looks over a possible future part for Sands. Center, Johnny takes Sue to meet Florence Cunningham, drama and diction coach for Selznick contract players. Then a stop at the mail room where mail assistant Bob Mickelsen turns over Johnny's daily fan mail. Husky Sands, typical American boy, appeals to other young Americans.







Girl Meets Bey

Turhan, that is—and lovely blonde Virginia Mayo, his co-star in Eagle-Lion's "Out of the Blue," enjoys her work

by Ted Weisbarth

Larry Parks won fame as "The Jolson Story" man, but he's prouder to be the devoted husband of Betty Garrett. Exclusive home photos



Betty Garrett left the lucrative Broadway run of the hit
sical, "Call Me Mister," to join Larry in Hollywood. Yes,
and Mrs. Parks haven't lost that old feeling even if they
been married a long time. Their Canyon house is no m
mansion, just a modest, comfortable home. Larry and B
can still cut a mean rug, left, when they're in the m



"JUST CALL ME MISTER!"

Photos by Jack Albin



Betty has a contract with MGM but so far hasn't been assigned to a picture. Larry's latest for Columbia is "The Swordsman."



Good troupers never stop working. Above, Larry tries out his lines from the script for his next movie on his home recording machine.







FRED ROBBINS

Right off the Record

Here's your boy Fred, to tell you what cooks in the jive-dives this month. Any questions about records, recording artists? Ask Robbins!





Sure, disk jockeys come and go, but it seems Fred Robbins is here to stay, hey! He's the glamor-man in his field, he's young, he's fun. That's why celebs like Mel Torme, above, enjoy sessions on Fred's 1280 Club.

HYA, SNOOKS! The stuff is deluxe. So let's sample what cooks before you *ouvrez* those books!

Yep, the days grow short when you reach September and it means back to the slave pad. You gotta drape that shape around the desk again, be it office or brain factory, and get things perkin' and the fried eggs workin'. *Mais* ere you do, pull up a back fence and lean over so's you'll dig what's fresh out of the oven. M-m-m, they smell good!

HEAVENLY!

BING CROSBY: "I want all of you to know, this is 'Pinetop's Boogie Woogie,'" chirps the owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates, and "Hey, little girl in the red dress, when Mr. Hampton starts to put down that 8 beat, I want you to boogie woogie; and when I say stop, I mean stop! Steady now! Hold it! Now, boogie woogie! That's what I'm talkin' about!" Bing does the spielin' on 'Pinetop Smith's' classic and Lionel lays down the beat. You take directions and follow and have a ball! Shake that thing! Bing sings badly in the shade "On the Sunny Side of the Street," flipover, best part (*Please turn to page* 79)



Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz exchange platter chatter with Fred on his popular program over WOV. Catch Fred on Teentimers Club. Write him for inside i



Exclusive photo by 20th Century-Fox, starring Jeanne Crain in "Chicken Every Sunday"

JEANNE CRAIN WITH HER BABY, PAUL BRINKMAN, JR.







The BEST YEARS of her LIFE Right Now!

By Ben Maddox



Myrna Loy has taken a new lease on life. Still playing the Perfect Wife on the screen—first in the Academy Award winner, "Best Years of Our Lives," now in the last of the famous "Thin Man" series—the lovely Loy has added charm and poise. Three scenes above show Myrna with William Powell in MGM's "Song of the Thin Man" finale.





Clark Gable cuts the cake at his birthday party on "The Hucksters" set for these two charming ladies: Myrna "Perfect Wife" Loy, and Clark's English co-star, Deborah Kerr.

Still the Perfect Wife? Yes, but Myrna Loy has modernized herself and her career



Making romantic history! Commodore Gene Markey and his bride, Myrna Loy, at their wedding. Admiral Halsey was their best man.

IF YOU didn't know how Myrna Loy rates behind the scenes in Hollywood today, it's because of two things. She has changed with recent years; she wasn't always like this. Secondly, and imagine this of a movie star!—she shuns the blaring kind of publicity blasts. Her behavior, like her heart and mind, is as far from the superficial as you can reach.

During the war Myrna found all the answers she'd been so long seeking, found her real self and the right method of expression. Her career has hit a new high because she's now at the helm herself—and in her private life she's started again, too, with wonderful results. During the war Myrna went away from Hollywood, returning for but one necessary picture in four years. She came back to stay a year and a half ago *and not until now* has she mentioned her modern self. After she's at the top again, not to help get her there. After her first year of marriage with the very distinguished Gene Markey has been happily completed.

With the same characteristics no-commotion-at-all Myrna took a leave of absence from MGM and applied at the national headquarters of the Red Cross, in Washington, D.C., for a job. She went there quite alone, with no attempt to dazzle serious people with film glamor. She realized it was time to contribute personally to the war with no strings atttached. She didn't detail that she had been the first American actress to be blacklisted by the Nazis, long before the war began, because she'd dared voice her opinion of them. Actions count more than mere words to Myrna.

At Red Cross headquarters they soon sensed her absolute earnestness. She offered all her time, not a "personal appearance" when it was convenient. They talked to her. They discovered her latent potentialities. Myrna, to her astonishment, was asked to create a brand-new department. She was put in charge of all entertainment for all the Army and Navy hospitals in the eleven most crowded states stretching from Virginia to Maine. Assigned an office in the Red Cross building in New York City, she abruptly left her familiar schedules for demands of a wholly new sort. (Her official title was Assistant to the Director of Military and Naval Welfare, Red Cross North Atlantic Area.) Setting up all the facilities for all the entertainment, in auditoriums and wards, for fifty-five hospitals was a major problem in organization. She had to contact the commanding officers of all hospitals, secure appropriate entertainment, arrange for minutely accurate transportation and military passes, and finally carefully coordinate the complex new function of the Red Cross by a continuous check on her judgment, to be certain exactly the best sort of a job was being done.

Reporting regularly each morning to the office where she was responsible, to be greeted by an efficient secretary waiting with businesslike piles of official letters and memos, Myrna shared what often were (*Please turn to page* 84)

MAGIC STARS! MAGIC STORY! MAGIC ENTERTAINMENT

JAMES STEWART
JANE WYMAN

Robert Riskin's IN

"MAGIC TOWN"

Magic Town

MAGIC TOWN

Magic Town



Their meeting was saucy and flippant!



Their romance found birth in the magic of a sudden kiss!



Their love jeopardized the happines of thousands!

"ELECTRIC"-as only th stars of "It's A Wonderfu Life" and "The Yearling" can be!

with KENT SMITH · NED SPARKS · WALLACE FORD · Ann Shoemaker · Donald Mee

Written and Produced by ROBERT RISKIN · Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN ·

A William A. Wellman Production
Released by RKO Radio Pictures,

SCREENLAND *salutes* Life with Father

The American stage classic, which has had the longest consecutive run of any play in theatrical history—8 years!—becomes an equally great motion picture, with Irene Dunne and William Powell giving perfect performances as gentle *Mother* and irascible *Father Day*. Heart-warming experience not to be missed!

We can't find the right words to praise this picture enough! The best we can say is—see it. Warner Brothers, Director Curtiz, the writers, the technicians, the cast—everyone concerned with making "Life with Father" deserves applause. For once, Hollywood has turned out a picture to be proud of. Everyone, from the youngest to the oldest member of the family, will feel a glow in their hearts after watching the home life of the *Days* unfold before their eyes. For the *Days* become *your* family, your neighbors' family. You're looking at life!

LON LOOKS TO HIS YEARS TO COME

By Bob Marlow

Swap problems with Lon McCallister! If you're Lon's age or younger, with perplexing problems to solve, Lon is right here with all the answers



Cramped for closet space? So is Lon. Never splurges on suits, anyway, even if he is a movie star.





McCallister's a busy boy. He co-stars with June Haver in 20th Century-Fox's film version of the best-seller, "Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay." Lon's proud of his new apartment (walk-up) and new car.

ARE YOU trying to solve the problems of youth?

If you are Lon McCallister's age or younger, and have perplexing dilemmas of your own to share, Lon is the one among all the young actors in Hollywood who is apt to be most sympathetic. And the most intelligent in his advice. He'll even swap problems!

"I'm only discovering how to live now myself," he admitted without reserve. "I'm fascinated by all the riddles of youth. I want to be happy, too! This depends on the choices I make. I've been back here from the Army for a puzzling year and a half, and I've had to do more than just pick up where I left off. I've had to make a lot of vital decisions, recheck my preferences. Be definite as to how I should treat my job, my family, my friends, and love. I know many people may raise their eyebrows at the way I maneuver out of certain situations. But I don't care once I have figured out my reasons, am aware of the path for me. You have to select what you want in today's world and have the guts to stick to it! Regardless of superficial criticism."

I talked to Lon the other evening in his top floor apartment in the building he's buying on the hill directly above the heart of Hollywood. His mother and grandmother (who, with his grandfather, live with him there) had served us a whoppingly good dinner on a drop-leaf table placed before the huge stone fireplace in the living-room. Lon doesn't care for regular dining-rooms, so when the McCallisters moved in from Malibu Beach he transformed the one they found into a den. I am sure some girl is going to win him partly through his stomach, for his plate was licked clean after the final ice cream and cake. Like many of the young stars now, Lon enjoys classical music far more than popular swing. So he reloaded a fresh pile of records on his mahogany record-changer, a prized instrument with mellow tones that send all (*Please turn to page* 60)





Lon prefers listening to records in his newly acquired apartment in the Hollywood hills to night-clubbing



With Peggy Ann "Junior Miss" Garner playing opposite him, the young actor stars in current "Bob, Son of Battle."



Lon with "Bob," dog star, on location at Kanab, Utah. Above, back home in Hollywood with his Great Dane, Mac.



Keyes to Happiness

Evelyn debunks the rumors about giving up her career for marriage. She's a success in both fields, and tells other gals the secret

By Lynn Bowers

IT WAS Evelyn Keyes' first day back on the Columbia lot. She was checking in to talk about her new picture. "The Mating of Millie McGonigle." For six whole, wonderful months she hadn't done a test, read a script, rehearsed a dance. What she *had* been doing, however, was far from dull. Stuff like trips to New York and Mexico with her husband, John Huston. A delayed honeymoon on account of there hadn't been time for one after their surprise elopement to Las Vegas. She'd been able to let her hair go from red back to blonde. She'd been able to keep her finger nails short, without benefit of red lacquer, which is the way she prefers them. Her hair was long and straight, and she was happy about not having to wear it in the modeled upswept coiffure which seems to be her hall-mark on the screen. But Evelyn was glad to get back to the studio. She was ready for work.

There'd been a clothes-buying spree in New York. John had had a duplicate of her wedding ring made. The original had been fished out of Mike Romanoff's swimming pool the night they eloped but he had it copied in case anybody claimed the original. Nobody has, so she wears both.

We sat in a booth at Billingsley's, which is to Columbia what Lucey's is to RKO—sort of the official restaurant where the "elite meet to eat." It was packed, as usual, and Evelyn knew everybody in the place.

"Things don't change at all," she said, surprised. "The last time I was here, six months ago, was just like today—the same people at the same tables. When you've been away you expect things to be different."

She looked up to see Larry Parks standing at the table, very tanned, with a big grin of welcome on his face. Evelyn accused him of wearing makeup because he was so dark. He explained he and his wife (Betty Garrett, fresh from her stage hit, "Call Me Mister," who had left the show in New York to be with Larry in Hollywood) had just returned from a Palm Springs vacation. "Can I please sit down with you guys?" Larry pleaded. "It isn't that I want your company but I just can't find any place else to sit and I'm a growing boy, I gotta eat lunch!"

Nobody (*Please turn to page 73*)





Photos by Cronenweth, Columbia Pictures





A beauty from Atlanta, Georgia, Evelyn is a Cecil B. DeMille discovery who has achieved stardom and popularity, especially since "The Jolson Story." Her new pic is "The Mating of Millie McGonigle," for Columbia.

You've applauded
his superb performances
for years. But
have you met the man
behind the mask,
the clever, charming
Claude himself?
He's someone you'll
want to know



CLAUDE RAINS out of CHARACTER



By Gertrude Shanklin

Stock Grange, Claude Rains' 400-acre farm estate in Chester County, Pa., above, family's Eastern home. Below, the old farm bell.



View of the living room, furnished entirely with antiques collected by Mr. and Mrs. Rains with the conscientious and loving care of the true collector.



In the bird and rabbit season the famous actor polishes up his gun in preparation for shooting over the broad fields of Stock Grange.





A corner of the comfortable living room. The portrait over the sofa is of Mr. Rains' daughter, Jennifer, painted by the noted artist, John Carroll.



Nine-year-old Jennifer brushes up the hearthstone of the fireplace in her room. Note the canopied four-poster bed, and her gay collection of costumed dolls.



Mrs. Rains arranges an old, colorfully designed patchwork quilt on the antique bed in one of the guest rooms of their farm home, Stock Grange.

IT WAS the unmistakable voice of Claude Rains saying in low, velvet tones, "You were always my favorite—you *know* that, don't you, Althea? So charmingly unscrupulous, but so greedy. It's too bad."

A woman's voice replied in a frightened murmur, then exclaimed shrilly, "No, don't! Please! Don't shoot!"

Her scream was silenced by a sharp report. After a hushed moment, there was a pleasant buzz of voices, and presently Mr. Rains walked over to where we were waiting on the set of "The Unsuspected" at Warner Brothers Studio. Smiling a bit like the cat that swallowed the canary, he announced, "I've just murdered a woman!"

In his immaculate dinner clothes, Mr. Rains made as distinguished looking a "murderer" as you could hope to meet. Not that his distinction has anything to do with his costume. He was just as impressive a little later, while relaxing in his dressing room, in a sweater of nondescript shape and color, which was buttoned up crooked. Regardless of environment, Mr. Rains combines dignity with informality in his own special way, the net result being an urbane friendliness that charms the birds right off the trees.

He went on to explain his "murder": "This fellow I'm playing is a narrator of mystery stories on the radio. He's very clever, very charming, but he does the most terrible things!"

"And how do you like playing such a character?" he was asked.

"I think it's lovely!" he replied amiably. "After all, we spend most of our lives trying to be good, trying to do what we know is right, don't we? We try not to hurt other people, or to give in to our wicked impulses. But at heart, we are primitive, like children. Often we'd secretly like to do the very things we discipline ourselves against. Isn't that true? Well, here I can be as mean, as wicked as I want to—and all without hurting anybody. Look at that lovely girl I've just shot!"

That lovely girl who had just run afoul of one of Mr. Rains' wicked impulses in the picture was Audrey Totter. She and Joan Caulfield play his wards, and these two up-and-coming young actresses are daily and loudly singing the praises of this master craftsman. There is no one in Hollywood from whom young players can learn more about their craft, and certainly no one more generous about helping them.

Claude Rains has long been recognized as one of Hollywood's most versatile actors, but never has his versatility been shown to better advantage than during the past year, when in four outstanding pictures—"Angel on My Shoulder," "Caesar and Cleopatra," "Notorious," and "Deception"—and in widely differing rôles, (*Please turn to page* 89)



Actor into farmer! Star of Warners' "Deception" and J. A. Rank's "Caesar and Cleopatra," studies a gardeners' catalogue at his desk in the library.



Favorite Rains family gathering place for informal entertaining is the picturesque Pine Room with its original doors and fireplace.

Front portion of main house at Stock Grange was constructed in 1812, rear portion in 1747. Rains has made only necessary repairs.



Farmer Rains inspects a few porkers in their pen, right, and White-Faced Hereford steers, below, on his working 400-acre farm in Pennsylvania.







Gay plaid taffeta gown with attractive back bustle. A Junior Formal in sizes 7-15. At Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C., and Goldwater's, Phoenix, Ariz. About $35.

FALL PRE-VUE

New in furs is Ebony Mouton—an imitation seal. Misses and junior sizes at I. J. Fox. Under $300 with tax. Hat by Stetson.



Fall futures make a hit with fashion-wise Arleen Whelan. She's in Paramount's "Variety Girl"

By Mary Ellen Martin



A jonathan Logan Original in grey and white or brown and white stripes. Sizes 9-15 at the Janet Shop, Newark, New Jersey. $14.95.

Top right, for the girl 5' 5" or under is this Varden Casual of brown or black crepe with contrasting wool plaid poncho. Sizes 10-16 at Altman's, New York. About $45. Black bengaline Junior Formal cocktail dress, below. Sizes 7-15. About $22.



Love that rain in plaid Aquatogs hooded reversible and Handi-Brella Bag. Sizes 10-18. Marshall Field, Chicago. Under $20.







Write to the manufacturers listed on page 77 for name of the store nearest you.



PHOTO PREVIEWS

Movie menu this month offers film fare to satisfy every taste from melodrama to bobby-sox comedy

Meet a vivid personality from the British studios: Jean Kent, who portrays a fiery dancer in Eagle-Lion's "Caravan." Stewart Granger, right, remembered in "Caesar and Cleopatra," cracks the whip.







Glenn Ford and William Holden (pals in real life) play, respectively, a Colonel and a Captain in the Union Army in Columbia's "The Man from Colorado." Ellen Drew, pictured at right with the co-stars, is the heroine in this Technicolor melodrama.





Two child stars of silent screen days, Jackie Coogan, who won fame as "The Kid" with Charlie Chaplin, and Jackie Cooper, recalled with Wallace Beery in "The Champ," are stalwart stars of Monogram's comedy romance, "Kilroy Was Here," with Wanda McKay.





Jean Porter is teamed with Jimmy Lydon, at left above, in Columbia's "Sweet Genevieve." Jean cuts a rug with Ray Hirsch, right. Below, Robert Young plays a Western rôle for the first time in "Relentless," Technicolor drama co-starring Marguerite Chapman.





Here's Hollywood

Gossip by Weston East



William Powell, redheaded Father of "Life with Father," entertains Rory Calhoun, Betty Plowden and Joyce Reynolds with movie anecdotes. Joyce recently emerged from screen retirement to appear with Bob Hutton in "Wallflower," and Rory is fans' man-in-demand since "The Red House."

THINGS never happen singly around Bette Davis. Recently her mother separated from her step-father after less than a year of marriage. Just about the time everything was running smoothly again, Bette had a baby girl. Now sister Barbara (Bette named the baby after her) eloped with a second husband. Bette herself is so happy these days, she's decided against the morbid "Ethan Frome" as her next movie. She wants to keep her screen life light and gay—for which we want to comment, hooray!

THOSE Hollywood interior decorators, who insist that modern furniture is here to stay, will receive no encouragement from Ray Milland. While the Millands are in London, where he is making "So Evil My Love" with Ann Todd, they've collected enough antique furniture to furnish the new home they hope to find when they return. What's more, they're even sending over tables, and objets d'art for Ann Sothern and the Zachary Scotts.

Greer Garson and Tay Garnett, left, exchange movie talk with the George Guinles from South America. At right, Van and Evie Johnson attend opening at Coronet, Hollywood's Little Theater.

WAY BACK when Dana Andrews was a gas station owner, he didn't get round-shouldered from counting his money. Now, on the "Memory of Love" set, at least once a day he gets a phone call from someone who wants to rent one of his three boats. The income off the boats alone would support him but Dana puts it in a separate account toward his children's education.







The newly-reconciled John and Gloria Payne dine out at Ciros.



Judy Garland (note sleek hair-do) at opening with Vincente Minnelli.



Dick and his wife, Joanne, expect another little Haymes soon.



Remember successful Durbin and Pasternak producer-star combine?



Robert Sterling and Mona Freeman. Below, new mother, Jeanne Crain.



Above, the Gene Kellys; below, the Cornel Wildes at 20th-Fox party.







Pauline Betz wins tennis matches, a thousand dollar purse, a trophy, and congratulations from Jack Benny while Sarah Palfrey Cooke looks on.



The judge, Walter Pidgeon, gives the "come out fighting" speech before Mrs. Cooke and Miss Betz play the final tennis matches.



Tennis enthusiast Robert Stack participated in the "rooting section" of movie celebrities with Irene McAvoy at Beverly Wilshire Hotel courts.



The Richard Contes and John Garfield offer their congratulations from the sidelines to the happy winner of tennis matches, Miss Pauline Betz.

Here's Hollywood

IN HIS new Beverly Hills home, Fred Astaire has twenty-five framed photographs of his special favorites. Favorite movie stars? Not a bit of it. They're favorite race horses, Fred's own, and those he's bet on. If executive Bill Goetz has his own way, Fred will do a father and son story with Donald O'Connor for Universal-International. The script is being readied for Fred's approval.

IT'S been nine years (some of them tragic) since Una Merkel was a leading comedienne at MGM. But now she's back on the lot in a leading rôle opposite Van Johnson and Butch Jenkins in "Virtuous." The hairdresser Una had for so many years is Lana Turner's special pet. However, Lana, who really needed the girl on "Cass Timberlane," insisted that she switch over and work for Una for old time's sake. There's a nice heart in that nice Turner girl.

BECAUSE of heavy insurance carried on the production of "Magic Town," Jimmy Stewart had to make a detailed and descriptive report, when he had a slight "accident." It seems there was a scene with a dog that wasn't a Stewart fan. In fact, when Jimmy stooped over to tie his shoe, the dog bit him! The report that Jim gave to the insurance company will go down in history as a classic in literature. Wish we could word it for you.

WHAT price publicity? At a cocktail party to introduce Barbara Bel Geddes, she came right from the set of "I Remember Mama." She wore a middy blouse, short skirt, hair ribbon and high lace shoes, her early-day costume in the picture. Everyone who had eagerly looked forward to meeting the new and sensational star of "The Long Night" couldn't believe their eyes. Barbara has no glamor-gal ambitions, just wants to be known as an actress.

AT THIS writing Hedy and John are back together again. Lamarr and Loder, that is. Clashing temperament is as good a reason as any for their recent and second separation. Their intimate friends feel a good successful movie for both would go a long way toward re-establishing compatibility.





Walter Pidgeon and Pauline Betz battle Mickey Rooney and Mrs. Cooke in doubles while quips and antics run riot. Mickey, in specs, and Mrs. Cooke won the game.

ANGELA Lansbury, who doesn't get around, and Peter Shaw, who gets around plenty, have now gotten around to each other. They met when they literally bumped into each other on the MGM lot. Each was driving a car! Peter is still waiting for his first important movie assignment. Angela hopes to finish "If Winter Comes" in time to join Moyna Magill, her talented actress-mother, who is visiting London.

NO WONDER actors like to work for David Selznick. When Warner Bros. wanted to borrow Shirley Temple for "Mary Hagen," the movie mogul said it was okay—provided there was a rôle for Rory Calhoun, too. The other actors on the Warner lot weren't so happy with this arrangement, but there *was* a rôle for Rory, who improves with every performance.

FIRST it was leading man trouble, and now there are production setbacks on "Thunder on the Hill." Joan Fontaine will probably make "Letters of an Unknown Woman" as her second picture for Universal-International. In the meantime, her sensational new dressing-room-bungalow has become quite a topic of conversation around the lot. One famous female sneaked a quick peek at it when she was sure Joan wasn't around. "Oh, well," me-owed the jealous one, "I may not have a $25,000 dressing room. But I *do* have a leading man!"

SIGHT of the week: While visitors' eyes popped, into the MGM commissary at lunch time walked Wally Beery in striped pajamas, Peter Lawford in a baseball suit, Gene Kelly in a pirate's costume and Mickey Rooney in boxing trunks. They all sat at the same table. When Robert Taylor walked in wearing an ordinary business suit, they gave him a Bronx cheer.

AT LONG last MacDonald Carey is coming into his own. "Suddenly It's Spring" proved how badly he's needed on the screen. Before they could even rush him into "Dream Girl" opposite Betty Hutton, Mac actually had nine offers from other studios who were willing to beg, borrow or steal his services.

HOW'D you like to have Zachary Scott for a boss? His household is run by Madge Hall, a devoted negro who is a fine musician. Zack, who is very fond of Madge, is going to try and sell MGM on using one of her numbers for a theme song in "Cass Timberlane." Zack's on location for the picture starring Lana Turner and Spencer Tracy.

FOR years before she came to Hollywood, Janis Paige saw every Lew Ayres movie. So she gave him a big cheery hello on the Warner lot, before she realized they had actually never been introduced. Janis was so embarrassed and Lew was so impressed. Several nights later he called her and invited her out for dinner. And that's how Hollywood romances are born.

HOLLYWOOD success story: Long before he ever dreamed of fame in Hollywood, Peter Lawford worked as a parking lot attendant in Miami. Recently, the "On an Island with You" company went to Miami on location. Pete was back on the same parking lot again but this time someone *else* parked *his* convertible station wagon. It's stories like this that make us love Hollywood.

IT WASN'T exactly a wedding present that Charles Russell received when he married Nancy Guild. The day they returned from their honeymoon, the studio notified Charlie they weren't renewing his option. He was so happy he went right out and signed a two-picture deal with Paramount.

Here's Hollywood

★ Continued ★



Hat Fiesta: Walter Florell, chapeau-artist, with Sylvia Sidney in a chic creation pour la tête.



Carole Landis is gleeful over the sequined Breton that would send any young lady's morale soaring skyward.

WHEN Judy Garland and Gene Kelly were making "The Pirate," some days Judy was quite late on the set. Other days she didn't show up at all. Obviously there was a good reason, for the studio didn't hold it against her. She just signed a wonderful new seven-year contract with a good hike in salary. Judy will still have to sing for her supper, however.

DEBORAH KERR (pronounced car), the English star who appears in "The Hucksters" opposite Clark Gable, was terribly excited over her first American broadcast. And it wasn't the five figure salary, either. Deborah learned that the sponsor, a soap manufacturer, always presents his guest star with five cases of soap. She couldn't wait to send it to friends in England, who still regard soap as a great luxury.

THE housing situation is as much to blame as anything for the recent separation of the Mark Stevenses. Since their marriage two years ago, they've had to move every few months. Trying to make good as a new star, weeks of painful convalescence following a serious spinal operation, bringing a son into the world—all added to the chaos that finally consumed their marriage.



Virginia Fields, doffing her own chapeau, Carole Landis, Claire Trevor, and Ann Miller ransack the hat box for new Florell models.

SCREEN Tests

★ By ALMA TALLEY ★

DEFINITIONS AND STARS

The quiz below tests your ingenuity with words. Each pair of definitions below gives you two words which when put together will form the name of a well-known screen player. For instance: back street, + boy = Allyson. Now go on from there.

★

1. Small bed, number. ———— 9. Blond, financial institutions.——
2. Fodder, value. — ———— 10. Deface, metal. ————
3. Mend, wing of house.———— 11. Mother, child. ——— —
4. Color, lad. ———— 12. Bird's crop, river crossing.———
5. Shanty, unit of weight. ———— 13. Grinding machine, conjunction.—
6. Simmer, skill. ———— 14. Dove's cry, by means of. ———
7. Floe, male. ———— 15. Decorative knot, male. ————
8. Bird, offspring. ———— 16. Wise to (slang), sear. ————

CATEGORIES

In each group of names below there is one which does not belong in the same category with the others. (As in peas, beans, carrots, peaches—all are vegetables except peaches which do not belong in the category.) Can you figure out what each group has in common and which one star doesn't belong? We start you off with an easy one.

★

1. Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, Orson Welles, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire.
2. Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr, Betty Hutton, Joan Bennett, Jane Wyman.
3. Teresa Wright, Gregory Peck, Joan Caulfield, Bill Powell, Dorothy Lamour.
4. Hedy Lamarr, Greer Garson, Fredric March, Ingrid Bergman, Ronald Colman.
5. Cary Grant, John Garfield, David Niven, Guy Madison, Robert Taylor, Van Johnson.

FILL OUT THE NAMES

All the strange-looking combination of letters that you see below occur in the middle of names that you see every day in your movies and favorite screen magazine. Can you recognize them and put the letters fore and aft to complete star names?

★

1. —— NWY ——
2. —— YWO — —
3. —— CMU ——
4. —— YME ——
5. —— XTE ——
6. —— OSB ——
7. —— LYS ——
8. —— RGM ——
9. —— WFO — —
10. ——LKE——
11. —— EFL ——
12. —— RBA ——
13. —— NDR ——
14. —— HNS ——














(Answers on page 68)

Lon Learns to Live

Continued from page 45

listeners, before he said, "Now you relax on that couch and I'll take the big chair!"

You feel at ease quickly because he doesn't look, act, or pretend as movie stars traditionally do. Lounging in his sport shirt and old blue jeans and comfortable loafers, he hadn't the slightest carry-over from his busy day emoting at 20th Century-Fox. "Bob, Son of Battle," his new picture, is his favorite since "Home in Indiana," by the way.

"Whatever your problem, you've got to think about it and then follow through. There's no use stalling. Take the not unimportant matter of money!" Lon exclaimed. "I think of the money I need more than I do about glamor girls. Some fans may suppose I can live high, wide, and handsome on my movie pay. I could —if I were minus common sense and didn't foresee the day when this movie money will stop. I know film fame is fleeting, but some sound investments will go on paying dividends. So I hang onto my earnings like crazy; I have to practice active thrift to get a little future security. I believe, in spite of the world's upset conditions, in anticipating tomorrows. I expect them, and would rather budget now than be broke then.

"I think youth has to determine just what is important and what isn't, and that varies with the individual. I've never considered it important to me to learn to smoke or drink, for instance. Nor to spend money for a sharp wardrobe. I go about Hollywood in levis and a black turtle neck sweater; not many recognize me so, and everybody's happy but mother—who hates to see me dress so casually and 'unkempt,' as she puts it. I think we have to indulge our lazy streaks in some respects. I just enjoy relaxing in old clothes and don't even shave when I can get by with that. You'd laugh hearing mother chase me out to buy new clothes. It positively hurts me to pay inflated prices for anything. I buy my new slacks, therefore, in the boys' section of a department store down in Santa Monica—one of the advantages I've unearthed in being short. I finally got a new sport coat for '47 at a big sale away out in the San Fernando Valley. I don't know any of those expensive Beverly Hills tailors we hear about—on purpose!

"However," Lon grinned, "it doesn't hurt me, human that I am, to shrewdly sell something at high prices. I like to dicker on all my business deals, with the studios or whomever. My Malibu Beach house was fine, but the profit I made from the zoom in real estate, and the income I get from the tenants I acquired by being practical and buying this triplex, was finer." His mother functions as his combined secretary-business assistant. "I believe in paying a parent a salary for definite work like that," he said. She surprised him with the aforementioned radio record-changer, one of her earned contributions to the household. "You hear a lot of chatter about the high cost of being a movie star. Outside of what I spend answering fan mail I do it cheaply, spend no more than if I were in a less ballyhooed business. I've no liquor bill because people don't count on being served drinks at my house. I never go to the expensive restaurants, hotels, or night clubs unless I am invited, for free. They're out of my class. I have never given a party to get publicity or to 'dent' Hollywood society. I'm the type who doesn't think you have to be in society in any town. A lot of good friends are enough for me.

"That isn't instinctive wisdom! The first few months I was suddenly a 'name' I got quite a few invitations from other 'names' and I was thrilled by it. It was so new to me. But a little goes a long way. I am sure I miss a lot of charming people, but I don't think charm, in itself, is vital. I must say I enjoyed the one lavish Hollywood party I was invited to in the past year. It was all glamor and I had a chance to meet Marlene Dietrich and Norma Shearer. My very first extra work was in a Shearer film, so I got a bang out of her saying that next to Van Johnson I was her daughter's favorite and would *I* send an autographed photo to her? Would I! I was just as dazed," he vowed, "when I saw Fredric March at a play opening and he came over—Mr. March, one of my long-time idols—and asked for my autograph to take East to *his* daughter. I couldn't believe it!

"Providing your family with a place to live is basic. Moving into the middle of Hollywood"—where no movie stars live anymore if you credit chit-chat!—"was some personal production. Pushing and pulling the sofas up the sixty-six steps, and hauling all my books up, was the worst on me—and Ray." He inveigled Ray Sperry, his best friend, into a helping spot. Ann Blyth was persuaded that helping tote his records in was sheer heaven. "The first six weeks here we all slept on mattresses laid on the floors, because we had to leave furniture in the beach place. That table on which we've been eating I dug out of an antique shop when buying a new table proved too much for me. These throw rugs cost five dollars apiece; I like thick carpeting I can sink into, but I'd rather know I could keep it than suspect it might be yanked out from under me. We got by with no drapes until mother had time to make these, after scouting around for yardage we could afford.

"These hand-pegged floors, this beamed ceiling, the fireplace and those immense windows touching the floor and giving us such a beautiful view over Hollywood—that's what I looked for. We're so close to the Boulevard and yet it's so quiet up here. The miniature garden appeals to me, for there's no grass for me to cut. Do you know we could never find a lawnmower to buy or a gardener to hire at Malibu? And that there we had to share a party phone line with a neighbor who used to play her favorite radio programs to her daughter? On our party line!

"I'll be personally painting, repainting, and re-painting these stucco walls. I'm drafting Anna's uncle, who's visiting California from the East, to help me wallpaper my small bedroom. I've never papered a room before, but if grandma



On the set of "Hamlet" Laurence Olivier (call him "Sir") receives the Oscar he was awarded for his "Henry V." Ray Milland and Producer Hal Wallis officiate.



First scene still on the Ginger Rogers-Cornel Wilde comedy romance for Columbia, "It Had to Be You," is a tip-off to the hilarity you can expect when you see the picture.

could make the patchwork quilt under which I sleep then I can learn to wallpaper." His individuality can be estimated by his news he'll use yachting pictures and maps as said wallpaper!

"I would rather live alone. I think a fellow should as soon as he is able. I'm the only child who's never regretted being brought up alone. To realize your own assets and liabilities, to express yourself thoroughly, you have to decide everything for yourself. So depend on yourself! I'm used to that because I had to as a kid, when my folks lost all their money through business reverses. Youth has obligations to his family as well as to himself, there's a time for everything and now I owe my mother and grandparents reasonable comforts. When I can go out on my own I'll leave this place to mom and she'll have the income from our tenants. And I'm not," he asserted, laughing, "stingy! I bought us a super electric cooking range, and spent a hundred and seventy-five dollars just for the wiring it requires. But delivery on it has been delayed by the store. Poor mom and grandma have had to sweat out six months so far on their stove! But you've tasted what they cook on just an electric plate meanwhile. Aren't they wonders?

"Just because you work with people who have a great deal more money than you it shouldn't throw you or make you envious. Why, Edward G. Robinson owns a collection of modern paintings valued at $1,250,000; imagine them right in your own house as he has his! I buy inexpensive copies of good art and maps and frame them for my walls. Now I am working with Walter Brennan, who owns a 12,000-acre cattle ranch. I am not in their class financially, so why not face it? Why pose? How much a person earns or owns is not the sum of his or her qualities in my book. What he or she *is* and *does*, not what he has, matters to me.

"I still haven't obtained the one luxury that appeals to me the most," Lon confessed. "I've been dying for a boat ever since I was a child. I want one about forty feet long, a Diesel-powered, seaworthy little yacht that can cruise up and down the entire Coast. I wouldn't want it to accommodate more than four, on my list enough of a crowd to go to sea. I drive to the harbor and gape in my spare time. I'm not a good sailor yet, but as you can guess from those books over there I am studying navigation in preparation for a wonderful day."

On the bookshelves on the other side of the fireplace I spotted a gold cup and a gold trophy. He's never mentioned them in interviews. The cup was awarded him, I learned, when he was voted the most popular boy in his high school's graduating class. You can judge he won it by integrity, brightness, and unaffected friendliness, can't you? The trophy was given him by his fellow students at the same time because he was the Valedictorian. His grades throughout high school averaged 95.5, were the highest in his class. So you can see some brains do enter into movie star success. He wasn't the handsomest, the richest, or the guy who was on all the teams or handed the girls the cleverest compliments.

"I think every boy and girl out of high school ought to make a determined effort to go on to college," Lon said. He worked his way through high school and then through two years of college in Los Angeles while rising from lowly movie extra to bit player to lead. "How can you possibly understand the world around you, or yourself, if you've no basis for valid comparisons? You never can know *too* much! I think our school teachers are terribly underpaid," he added while on the subject. "We should vote pay raises for them.

"One of the things I like about working in movies is the new things I am continually learning. I've learned about farm life from the rural rôles I've been cast in. I'm glad they chose not to use a milking scene in 'The Red House,' for I was bad trying to milk a cow! Two mules are my pets now in 'Summer Lightning,' the picture I'm making right now with June Haver. I'd never so much as spoken to a mule before—isn't there a lot of irony in life? I'm not at all excited by horse races, have never even wanted to go to Santa Anita. Ahead of me there's a script wherein I'm the jockey who wins the first Kentucky Derby. I have to learn to make like such a character!

"For 'Bob, Son of Battle,' I had to learn to play five melodies on the violin, or at least all the proper fingering and bowing for all the closeups; I don't know who does my actual playing for the sound track—they never told me. I also had to acquire a brogue to be the Scotch shepherd boy—me, who's no whiz at dialects and who's never even counted one sheep to get to sleep! I stay up so late I can't help falling asleep the minute I hit the bed. I even went swimming on the Utah location for 'Bob,' happily unaware I was in a bottomless lake," he smiled. "For a poor swimmer I certainly get in the deep end of things!

"But whatever your job is, you can broaden your outlook tremendously by reading worthwhile books," Lon said earnestly. "I spend much more on books than on dates. I never read mysteries, though I like supernatural tales and the funnies. Aldous Huxley's one of my favorite authors; I very much want to meet him someday. I have met James Hilton and he's offered to write a film story for me. I believe one of the main reasons Edison became such a great man was because of his passionate self-education. Did you ever know that he had less than one term of regular schooling? That he was taught to read and write and his arithmetic, too, by his mother? An undiscerning school teacher told him he was too dumb to learn anything! The first time he entered a public library he took out the first book he saw. After finishing it he took the one next to it. One day the curious librarian questioned him as to how many books he'd read. Edison answered, 'I've read fifteen feet of them.' How could that librarian resist helping him to a plan of reading? She gave him one, and any librarian will do the same to the person who wants knowledge. I think it's swell that today's high school students are doing much of their home work in public libraries. Those here in Los Angeles are jammed with kids taking advantage of all the news-

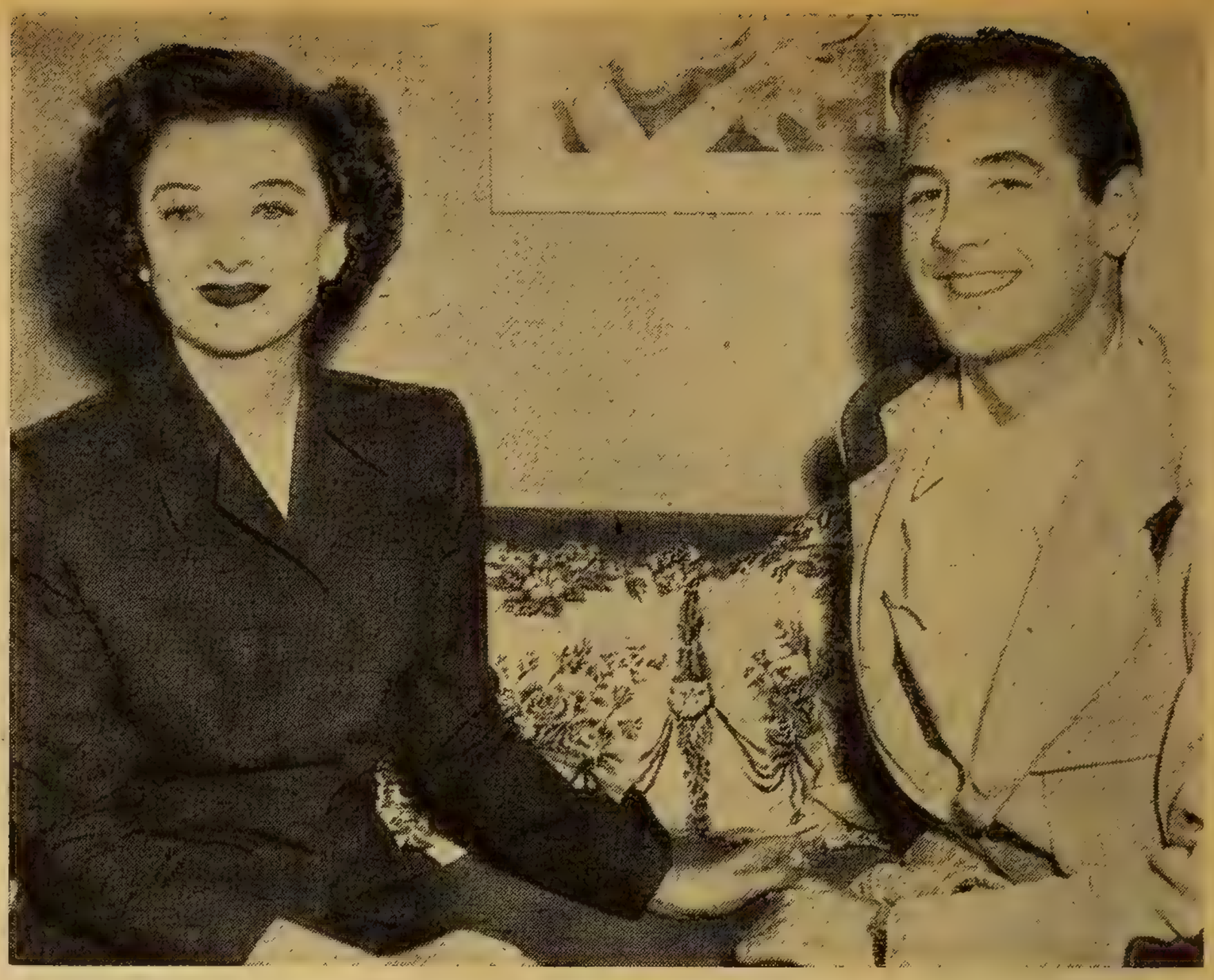
papers, magazines, world maps, and readers' guides that are available. I used to pore through books full of plays and scenarios in the Hollywood Library.

"One of the chief problems of youth is whom shall you admire. I admire and would like to mention a girl I've heard about. She is twenty-three and a freshman at the University of Southern California—recently she was honored on that campus for having the highest grade average of any freshman woman this year. During the war, while her brother was in the Navy and getting killed in the Pacific for his country, she worked on an assembly line in a war plant to do her share. Now she intends to become a practicing psychologist and is educating herself to that end. She says she has no special gifts, that her straight 'A' average is merely the measure of how much she's learning. When I think of her doing so well, and of the guide dog that's the only thing she asks from others—because she has been totally blind since she was three years old, well—! I realize all over again what can be accomplished with the will to do. Maxine Hogue is, to me, a *name!*

"Of course I believe in luck. I've had it. Yet you have to be ready for it, specifically prepared to take advantage of it. And unknowns always have some sort of a chance if they've thought ahead. Lee MacGregor, a good-looking twenty-one-year-old actor in the picture I'm on now, was an office boy at 20th first. I remember Frank MacCown, who first had a lowly stock contract at my studio; we always called him 'Smoky' and predicted he'd get his break. He didn't there. But he tried again at another studio, changed his name—and we know him now as Rory Calhoun.

"You *don't* have to be any sort of prodigy," Lon emphasized. "I have never needed to be a show-off. As a child I didn't have 'the dedicated spirit' for instinctive acting. Neither did I meet with the 'customary' horrified opposition from my family when I decided I would become an extra. We lived in the poorer section of Hollywood and I never thought of acting until it seemed the logical development. At ten I tried to be a professional dancer, took lessons, got a little work. I couldn't kid myself; I realized after a couple of years of it that I'd never be much good at that. So I studied singing instead, got work in boys' choirs. That didn't carry me far. So next I maneuvered extra work by sheer persistence. I knocked on doors, literally, until I got in. And for four years I was an extra. You know they *never* get anywhere!" Lon said, chuckling about Hollywood's dictum on that score.

"I always carry a spare tire, so to speak. When I was mid-way through my career of movie extra-ing I began as an extra in radio. How do you crash radio? I'll tell you how I did it. I studied radio production technique, not radio acting, as a senior in high school and wangled into a few amateur radio shows. Simultaneously I laid out a campaign. It wasn't remarkable; it was persistent. I found out that ten national advertising agencies produce and cast most of the big coast-to-coast radio shows. So I made



Don Taylor, formerly known as Pinky in "Winged Victory," now star of Universal-International's "Naked City," is welcomed to the "Song of the Thin Man" set, in which he plays a jazz cornetist who goes mad, by the Perfect Wife, Myrna Loy. A busy boy!

the rounds of their offices three times a week after school. That was thirty calls each week. I didn't claim I could spout dialects; I was sixteen; figured there are boys in radio shows, applied for voice rôles ranging from fourteen to nineteen—which I figured I could do. I gradually got—no, not jobs!—to know all the receptionists and secretaries. Who wouldn't after one solid year of those thirty calls per week after school? It took me exactly one year before they weakened and I became 'lucky.'" He hesitated. "Mom! Where's the little radio book?"

Mrs. McCallister brought it in. There, in a dime-store tablet, was the factual record of Lon's radio rise. So if you're a demon for knowing *precisely,* read closely. This is the first time this has ever been related.

After one year's preliminary effort, on August 13, 1940, Lon at last managed to win his first professional radio chance; he was paid $22.50 to speak a few lines as an ecstatic young soup salesman on the commercial preceding an Amos 'n' Andy broadcast. He began with a lack of prestige, you note. "I was so overwhelmed I wired all my relatives to drop everything and listen in!" Lon gave Mac, the Great Dane at his feet, an affectionate pat. "I bought Mac almost seven years ago with part of that first radio check. He was the runt of the litter, but look at him now!"

Thumbing the tablet, I learned that on September 9, 1940, Lon rated his second radio job, on the Lux Theater of the Air and made $86 for the bit. On October 13, 1940, he made $52.50 on Jack Benny's program; Jack himself kindly taught the newcomer how to pause for the laugh when playing comedy. Lon had to deliver the O. Henry tagline to that Benny script with just the correct inflection. On October 28, 1940, he made $35 in the background of a Judy Garland-Mickey Rooney radio version of one of their films. Having worked in it as an extra, Lon felt like a genuine old-timer.

One small check after another is listed after that as he, not proud, also canvassed the smaller agencies for work on local broadcasts and on sustaining programs. His first real radio part was with Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Don Ameche in the Lux Theater's version of "Manhattan Melodrama." Lon recalls he was the newsboy who uttered the opening line. He got to play his first good scene, one that ran two pages and presented him as a bellhop in a hotel, with Laurence Olivier, and that was very exciting. He portrayed, next, Gene Autry as a boy, *eeeeked* his way through horror mysteries, got a stock contract for bit rôles on the Screen Guild's time, enacted one *Trigger Clancy,* toughie. He was elated by a dramatic rôle on Silver Theater with Burgess Meredith. Then came his first true romantic lead, in a Jean Hersholt show. When Joan Lorring—then Dellie Ellis—did the radio "A Date With Judy" Lon was the boy-friend.

When he does a radio show now it is as a full-fledged Hollywood star who is paid accordingly. But not long ago he gladly helped a war buddy inaugurate a new radio show by guesting for free on it as the send-off. He's loyal that way. "Radio taught me to underplay," he said. "On radio there are no gestures, there's no stance; it all must get across subtly by voice. I can't stand overacting so radio seemed quite natural to me. In the movies what's expressed in the eyes is added to voice. Radio also taught me proper timing, so I catch onto what a movie director wants in emphasis perhaps faster than had I not had the radio experience. I've never taken dramatic coaching because I think personality is unique and you can figure your own best and bad mannerisms. I still won't attempt

to do anything in screen or radio acting if I can't find something in the character in which I can believe. That," he grinned widely, "sometimes takes a lot of imagination! In this film now in work with June, and it's grand to team with her again—first time since 'Home in Indiana'—I have to say convincingly to the camera, 'If I can't have a brother and sister, then more than anything else in this world I want Moonbeam and Crowder.' They are two mules. And that with June in the picture!

"Specialize," Lon said. "That's youth's magic key. I have no stage training and no stage ambitions. I was never in a school play on purpose. The Air Force shoved me into a couple of lines in their wartime play and I thus got to tour the United States finding out what backstage is like. It's just what I supposed, and I'm not converted to it! Acting the same rôle over and over again would be boring to me; in the movies there is ever something new to do. But Judith Anderson, who's been acclaimed by the severest Broadway circle as a fine stage actress, has offered me the male lead in her next New York play. She asserts she can take me, novice that I'd be, and in six weeks of rehearsing have me capable of a Broadway performance. Such specialization works in movies, so she may be quite right. Allene Roberts was found studying at Hollywood's 'Stage 8' Television Theater and with no screen experience was able to concentrate like fury and début as a leading lady with me. You *can* click in a wholly new line *if* you have the potentialities for it. Anyone who stays stuck in a rut is foolish!"

Modern youth as self-aware as Lon isn't going to be muddling through. His honesty is unlimited, and this lack of affectation is one of his most appealing traits. "Peggy Ann Garner beats the tar out of me at gin rummy," he'll say truthfully. Or: "When between pictures I hate to go to the studio, and only do for haircuts. I don't learn anything about acting by hanging around watching others on sets; I note the final results on the screen. You have to develop your own methods." His studious mind is further exemplified by the way he sees the choice foreign films and revivals of past hits, to evaluate them. On the less judicious side, Lon falls for every new theory for sun-tanning fast and then doesn't bask in the sun long enough to prove it. His health is splendid except for an annual cold he acquires from staying up too late; it inevitably robs him of his speech for a spell and he's horribly hoarse. "So I stay in bed and pour grandma's old reliable cough syrup down me until I revive. And I get more letter-writing done that time of year than any other!"

Typical of his long-range view of everything, Lon not only fancies he may evolve into a writer when his acting days are through but he's already practiced expressing himself accurately on paper. His initial flair for writing poetry is being nursed toward prose. He accompanies this transition with his habitual sense of humor; when pressed as to just what he's writing now he quipped, "A play. I call it 'The Chosen One,' subtitled: 'A Rainy Day in Heaven'!"

Switch him onto the topic of girls and Lon has no problems. He thinks they're here to stay and eventually expects one of the best ones will stay with him as Mrs. M. Meantime he's readying to do right by her; he foresees a husband's responsibilities, and romantic ways besides! He'll be heartbroken if the girl he chooses leads him on and then disillusions him. Besides Ann Blyth he's been dating Cathy Downs, Allene Roberts, Nancy Walker, Peggy Ann Garner ("They call me a cradle-robber!") and a non-movie gal who shall be nameless for awhile longer. (When he's silent like that you know he's up to something.) He believes in elopements when all obligations to self and families are finished off. "I was just going to ask June Haver for a date when she eloped suddenly," he admitted.

"Girls shouldn't follow fads," Lon said. "They shouldn't allow another girl-friend to boss them. A girl should be as independent and as stubborn about her ideals as a boy. She can attract the boy she prefers by realizing men aren't all alike. She can detect an eligible fellow's tastes simply by turning audience. Tricky techniques are passe; we can spot 'em! Over all spread the light touch. Good grooming, good taste, intelligence, and humor will make any girl popular."

He hasn't been jiving to any dance bands since getting out of uniform; he prefers to dance in his own or some one else's home, and when he goes dreamy he waltzes. He appreciates Frank Sinatra and defends Frankie at the drop of a wisecrack. He recently became twenty-four. Fellows he knew in the Army have been added to the friends from college, high school, and movie set phases until now he has many real friends. His latest tale about Army life shows he is keeping up with the military life he's happily finished. "Did you hear about the grandmother in Philadelphia who's sixty-five, with six children and four grandchildren, who's received two letters from the recruiting office there suggesting she apply for Army service? I'd certainly like to have heard the officer in charge of that explaining!"

Lon is completely serious about the housing, job, and credit situations veterans are worrying about. "Our generation is back from war and we can't pass the buck know. We are responsible too, and become more so every day. Our duty to ourselves and to our families and friends isn't all we owe. We owe our country good citizenship. That means practicing it actively. Do you know your senator and congressman? Do you know your representative in your state legislature, in your city government? I'm ashamed when I'm ignorant about truly important public matters. We can't be complacent. Making a success of the United Nations *is* youth's affair. We can't be oblivious to the cold and hunger and despair in Europe and Asia. How our occupation forces succeed in Germany and Japan concerns *us;* we can't breezily 'let George do it' anymore. Racial tolerance is a problem we haven't solved in our own country, and should. The greatest privilege of all for any young person in America is his right to vote. How he exercises it is the measure of his intelligence."

Clear-eyed, straight-thinking, Lon has his head in the clouds but his feet on the ground. Unostentatiously, he begins first always in his own home, and in his own heart. Have any problems you want to talk over with him? He'll trade direct confidences with you any day and you will both be the wiser!



It's romance this time for Lon McCallister and June Haver in their second co-starring drama, "Summer Lightning," formerly titled "Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay."

More Power Malone

Continued from page 32

And, third, she is possessed of one of the strangest streaks of pure vagueness I have ever run across. By this, I do not mean that she is not mentally all there, but simply that at times she forgets *where* she is and comes out with something fantastic. The classic example of this occurred a few months ago in London. Dorothy, as you must know by now, was recently included in a group of Hollywoodites who were invited to England for a Command Performance before the British Royal Family. She was naturally so thrilled by the invitation that she was in a slight daze all the way across the Atlantic on the Queen Elizabeth, went through the preliminaries to the big night as if she were walking in her sleep, and donned the beautiful satin gown which exactly matched her eyes as if she were dressing someone else. Then she was whisked to the party, instructed in how to curtsey to Their Majesties, and told her place in the line.

She managed to get safely past the King and Queen, though the strain was terrific. Then her bad angel took over. For, when she reached the princesses, she smiled sweetly, stuck out her hand, and said, to the first one, "How do you do, Elizabeth?"

"They reminded me of girls back home," Dorothy told me, contritely. "All the formality and the Your Royal Highness stuff just flew out of my head. And, do you know, after the receiving line had broken up, they both came over to me and talked about having seen me in 'The Big Sleep'? I was so flattered I didn't know what to do. They were two of the nicest girls—and the prettiest—I ever met."

This is typical Malone. Only she could look at two real, live princesses and be reminded of the girls she knew in her home town! And only she could get away with completely skipping all the court etiquette. For she herself is as well-bred as Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, as pretty, as charming, and as young.

She is now twenty-two. And, by what she still considers pure accident, she is now playing in the lead opposite Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson in a movie called "Two Guys from Texas." Like all the other things she's done, she didn't plan this, either. It just happened. She "joined" the picture business, so to speak.

Let's begin at the beginning: Dorothy was born January 30, 1925, in Dallas, Texas. Her father was with the telephone company there, and at this point is something peculiarly termed "a disbursement auditor." (Dorothy is vague about that, too.) She has two brothers bearing the name of "Maloney," the "y" being part of the original spelling of her surname which Warner Brothers later changed. Amazingly, she labels young Bill, aged 9, and Bob, 14, "very cute," thereby tossing aside tradition.

The minute she got into grammar school, she began her round of extra-curricular activity. As a child at Urseline Academy, she started appearing in plays, for instance. "You know: the little skits they did in class, and the speeches they had for clubs and graduation and such stuff. And I used to do dances, too, when anyone dropped a hat."

Chapeaux were falling like flies, evidently, for her constant appearances before her public caused her mates to notice her to the extent of electing her secretary to the class. And thereby hangs a tale. For Dorothy could *never* remember from one meeting to the next where she had put the minutes. Every time she knew she would be called on to perform her secretarial duties, she would go through three mad hours of searching all her notebooks, calling her mother frantically to see if the papers had been left at home, and digging around in her desk. Eventually, at least the rough notes would turn up and her bad memory would be safe from detection—by her fellow pupils. But one nun knew all about it, watched the process every time, and shook her head.

At last, elections came around again. The nun got up before the class and gave a long dissertation about the girls being "more careful" whom they chose for office (meanwhile glancing at Dorothy), about how they should pick someone with responsibility, and so on. Through all this, young Miss Malone sat and squirmed: she didn't know where the minutes for *that* meeting were either.

The ballots were cast. And what happened? "They elected me," Dorothy said. "They elected me—president!"

By the time she had reached high school, this sort of thing was commonplace, as was her membership on various athletic teams. And she insists she never planned any of it. "Someone would be getting up a tennis team," she says, sadly, "and she'd need someone else. And I'd be it."

Since Dottie was equally proficient in not only tennis but swimming, basketball, and horsemanship, you can see that life got a bit confused at times. And, when you put her athletic program on top of her continual appearance in plays at school, on top of her career in politics, *and* on top of the fact that she had to study occasionally, you will be sure that she didn't often get to bed nights.

All this, however, impressed the people who run colleges. When time came for Dorothy to graduate from high school, a shower of scholarship offers began to pour in. Astounding as it may be, she was given free tickets to Stevens College, Montecillo, Bryn Mawr, and, finally, Hockaday School for Girls in Dallas. The big shots of these places took notice, by the way, not only of her outside activities but also of "scholarship, leadership, and character." Frightening, isn't it?

Dorothy chose Hockaday because it was in her home town and thanked all the others politely. She went there for one year and then matriculated to Southern Methodist University. During that year, incidentally, she investigated a field she had previously missed, journalism. She won a couple of writing contests. Natch!

At SMU, she did plays again, of course. One was, oddly enough, a thing called "Starbound" written by a man in Hollywood, Allan Kenward, and first produced about nine years ago at The Hollywood Studio Club. When she did its leading rôle in college, she had no idea that in a very short time she would not only be in Hollywood herself but actually living in the place Mr. Kenward had written about.

An RKO talent scout, Eddie Rubin, saw her in the play and immediately began doing nip-ups. First he asked permission to take some color stills of her. These were shipped to the bosses in California—and *they* began doing nip-ups. Then Rubin asked her to make a test. That test was like no other ever given an unknown actress. Not only was she allowed to choose her own material (a scene from "Heaven Can Wait") but the thing took place in her own living room!



The blissful Van and Evie Johnson don swimming togs and make good use of the swimming pool of their new Santa Monica home. They expect to be proud parents when January rolls around.

The Maloney family reacted in its usual fashion. Dorothy was slightly confused, convinced it was all some kind of a gag. She had never considered coming to Hollywood and was quite sure that Rubin was merely filling up an empty Thursday afternoon by testing her. Her mother was so casual that she went downtown shopping when the men came with the motion picture equipment. And her father, who had previously been against the whole business, was the only one who paid any attention to what was going on. He stood at the top of the stairs and muttered to himself.

To the surprise of all of them, a contract arrived in the mail about two weeks later. Dorothy read it, signed it, and sent it back—and then got vague again. Instead of jumping up and down, she still retained the sense of unreality she'd felt during her test. She could go to Hollywood and be in the movies, she thought. And the idea struck her in the same fashion as, she would get married some day and have a family and grow old. That wasn't real, either.

Astonishingly, six months passed in this blue haze. Dorothy, who loved Dallas and still does, was having fun at home. She didn't realize that RKO had a definite lien on her services. But finally came a wire which said, "If you're coming out, come now. If not, skip it for good." And, since RKO also offered to pay her mother's expenses out to the Coast, the two of them decided going to Hollywood would be a nice sort of "vacation" and climbed on a train.

Since then, the vacation has turned into a career. After seven months with RKO, Dorothy went over to Warners and began playing bigger and bigger parts. The best, up to now, were in "The Big Sleep" and "Night And Day," and perhaps it was these which brought her the invitation to meet royalty along with Ray Milland, Joan Bennett, Pat O'Brien, and a galaxy of other stars. And to her that whole trip was so fantastic that even now she does not quite feel it happened, and is apt to say, dreamily, "Oh, I had a lovely time," if someone asks her if it was fun.

The one real thing in Dorothy's life is, strangely, Dallas. I realize that my chatting about her "sense of unreality" and so forth may make her sound a little nuts and she is anything but. However, movies and all the attendant whoop-de-doo were and are an accident, she thinks. She didn't plan to get into pictures, didn't work for it as lots of other girls have, and knows few people in Hollywood even now. So the screen remains unfamiliar. Only Dallas, her family, and her Texas friends are truly "home" and close to her heart.

Thus, whenever she has a few weeks off, she packs her bags for the wide open spaces. Once she even flew down for a weekend: a friend was getting married on a certain Sunday and it never occurred to her not to be there. That was automatic. The friend was someone she *knew*, if you get me, not merely an acquaintance like the people in Hollywood. There are a few Hollywoodites, of course, who have risen above the acquaintance tag. Mark Stevens' wife, Annelle, who came from Dallas, too. Some girls she knew at the Studio Club. Her agent. Some boys she goes out with, boys not connected with the picture business. And she admits that Hollywood itself is becoming less strange. For one thing, she has at last moved from one room at the Club to a tiny house in Westwood. It's on sorority row, a couple of blocks from the UCLA campus, and the girls she sees there are like the girls at SMU.

Occasionally, too, she finds herself in the social swing. And she declares that she likes it—but only occasionally. She was thrilled, for instance, to have Jimmy Stewart for a dinner partner, for she had always wanted to meet him, just as you have. And not long ago she went to a big fancy dress party at Atwater Kent's. That was socially swinging at its best.

Even in such a rarified atmosphere, however, she was Malone, not a movie star. And she got to the party in her own fashion. Her agent was to take her at first. Then Dorothy discovered that he had another date as well. So instead of yelping that *she* was his client, that he must escort *her* and so forth, she told him to go on ahead, that she wasn't ready yet. Ten minutes later, she was in a cab bound for Atwater Kent's palace, all alone except for the driver. And he, for one, will never forget that evening. She was completely casual; he nearly had a stroke. For through the streets and avenues of the entire town he carried an Indian princess—complete with plumes three feet high atop her head!

The Reformation of Ronnie

Continued from page 25

stretched, yawned, felt no embarrassment and therefore displayed none.

"Acting, he says," Ronnie went along with the gag. "I'm *supposed* to be asleep in this scene. I give you the *real* thing—an Academy Award performance! The way I look at it, Mr. Warner's making money on the deal. Besides, I left Janie and the kids at Palm Springs five o'clock this morning and drove all the way back. I'm three hours behind in the shut-eye department."

It couldn't have possibly happened before—before those four years in service, to be exact. It's a changed Ronnie Reagan, same chassis but additional improvements on this new 1947 model. Practically perfect as far as "nice guy" qualities were concerned, he was still too intense at times, prone to take his work so seriously that he got very little kick out of it in return. By his own admission, he was a charter member of the "B and B" club.

"I used to be able to find more reasons for batting my brains out," he reflects. "At the rate I was going, by this time I would have been playing Margaret O'Brien's grandfather. Life is serious and no thinking person could live unaware of the many world problems today. I'll always do what I can to help, but it isn't a one-man job. In the meantime I've discovered it's pretty important to take time out, dust off the sense of humor and relax about things. It's important to the survival of the individual, as well as those who touch his life."

Two years have passed since the reformation of Ronnie. Good things have happened. Probably first and foremost on his list are the good things that have happened to Jane. Like millions of war-weary women, Jane had to carry the ball alone. One day when he could look back on the pressure of the past, civilian Reagan discovered his bride of seven years had developed into a beautifully mellowed, mature woman. Her stature as an actress had gained the momentum that carried her through "The Yearling" and won her a nomination for an Academy Award. Being very much in love, he was naturally proud and pleased.

"Janie never once expected to win the Academy Award," explains Ronnie. "Both of us admire Olivia deHavilland tremendously but I still have to admit that I thought Jane would get it. When she didn't I was very disappointed. Today, and I say it unbiased, she is a very fine actress. For ten years she was pushed around, ofttimes wasted. But her experience should serve as a shining example to every new actress. Janie kept learning and improving. When the big moment came, she was ready for it."

Shortly after he completed "Stallion Road" (his first post-war movie) and while he was in the midst of making "Night Unto Night" (with Viveca Lindfors, the sensational Swede) he was elected to succeed Robert Montgomery as President of the Screen Actors' Guild. (Bob is now a producer and therefore resigned because he felt his qualifications had changed.) Ronnie, who is also one of the directors of the Veterans' Committee, was a popular choice. Certainly one who will faithfully serve the actors he understands and the industry he respects.

Undoubtedly, the pre-war Reagan would have accepted his new responsibilities in a frenzy. Just as serious and equally sincere, he still found a moment to take advantage of one of the humorous aspects. As an employee he was under contract to Warner Brothers, therefore *they* were the boss. As President of the Actors' Guild, he represented *all* actors including those at his own studio. Should controversy arise, he naturally was on *their* side and in his capacity must perform as mediator.

The morning following his appointment, Ronnie went to the studio wardrobe department. "I'd like to borrow a shiny double-breasted blue coat, a derby and a big black cigar," he grinned. "I've got to make my first official appearance as a labor boss."

A few minutes later he dropped by Jack L. Warner's office. "Well, Mr. Warner," he kidded, as he flourished the burning El Ropo, "how are you treating the actors?"

Working just as hard, Ronnie managed to kid and clown throughout the making of his recent pictures. "Stallion

Road" was perhaps his happiest venture. It was all about horses and he knows horses, owns horses and loves horses. He's also a good business man, especially when it comes to horses. Jealous of his riding ability (and well he should be) he insisted on doing all his own jumping—though a double drew pay just the same. When he discovered an equine actor gets $25.00 a day, Ronnie quickly got in touch with the production department.

"How about using Tarbaby, my own thoroughbred?" he inquired eagerly. "We need the money for the baby's bank."

It was a gag when he said it—the part about the baby, that is. Although they have Maureen and Michael, the Reagans had been hoping to make it a trio. By the time the Tarbaby fund was established, the third baby was on the way! Ronnie was pretty excited when Janie told him the news.

When she arrived in America, a thrilled Viveca Lindfors was subjected to a maze of first impressions. Chief amongst them was one—Ronald Reagan. Seriously, he couldn't have been kinder or more understanding of her loneliness, her problems of facing a strange camera in a strange country. She was fortunate indeed that "Night Unto Night" was her first American-made movie, with Ronnie in it. He started right off by nicknaming her "Svenska." Together with Brod Crawford, they played jokes on her and teased her about the language. Never did a Swedish sense of humor develop with such rapidity. The first time she forgot her lines and burst out with "Holy Toledo," Ronnie fell flat on his face!

Came the day, too, when Viveca got even. Several times when press representatives came on the set to meet the new star, Ronnie quickly came over, took Viveca's hand adoringly and with a serious face turned to the correspondent and said: "Please don't print our secret—but we are going around together."

It shouldn't happen to a serious Swede! Before she caught on, Viveca, who has a husband and children, protested and proclaimed her innoncence. Then one day Ronnie had a visitor on the set—a high-ranking general he had known in the service. In the midst of a serious conversation, up came Viveca. Throwing her arm around him and overplaying the scene to the hilt, she exclaimed: "Oh, darling, I have missed you so much. Even if you are not working, please don't stay away from me this long, ever again!"

It just so happened that Jane was in New York at the time. An amused but confused Ronnie talked faster than he ever did when he started out in life as a sports announcer.

Ronnie and Jane are faced with a housing problem. Originally they had planned on a combination ranch and country house. A place with plenty of room for plenty of kids and stables where they can breed horses. (They're already expecting their first colt at their rented stable in the valley). Building materials are scarce, the prices out of all proportion. In the meantime they'll have to squeeze on another room to the hilltop home overlooking Hollywood.

The prize story which Ronnie loves to tell on the Janie he loves, concerns the night they premiered "The Yearling." It was a pretty thrilling moment in her life and for the occasion Janie outdid herself. The specially designed gown she wore had a huge billowing skirt that required eight yards of satin, as well as several petticoats. It was the effect she wanted and Janie gave no thought to practicability until just before they left for the theater. Her garter snapped!

From every conceivable angle and position she tried to reach it. Finally, in nervous desperation she summoned the cook and the children's nurse. "Will you please see if you can find my garter and fasten it?" she gasped. "It's GOT to be in there some place!"

Janie naturally won't be making any more pictures until after September. At Warner Brothers, where she and Ronnie first met ten years ago, they have elaborate and worthy plans for her future. In the meantime, Ronnie's busy on "Voice of the Turtle," carrying on with his duties as the Screen Actors' Guild President and to put it into his own words: "Getting well paid for work I'd do for nothing because I have such a good time doing it."

As further proof (if necessary) of his proficiency and popularity, recently Ronnie was asked if he'd like to run for Senator. He appreciated the honor but he declined it gracefully. "I'm a happy man just the way things are," he answered. "And I believe in letting well enough alone."

He knows what he's saying and in what direction he's going. He always has. Undoubtedly, always will. But we're still sorry he didn't take 'em up on the offer. It would have been nice voting for him.

Editor's note: As we go to press, tragedy has struck the Reagans. Friends and fans grieve with Jane and Ronnie over the premature birth and death of their baby daughter.



Alf Kjellin is coming to town to appear in David O. Selznick pictures. So take a look, girls! Here he is with Mai Zetterling, stars of the Swedish film, "Torment," which was awarded the Grand Prix du Cinema at International Film Festival.

Slightly Terrific

Continued from page 29

appeal, he still doesn't play upon his charm. Rather, he does everything he can to be blunt and unprepossessing. He tears himself down, and none too subtly. Declaring he came to California when he was sixteen, rode the rods to get here, was expelled from school, you get the impression he didn't have much of a chance to get an education. What he doesn't tell you is that he later went back to school; to college, as a matter of fact.

That's typical. Indeed, his conversation is a red herring intended to keep you from discovering what he is really like. He kids himself with happy malice, gleefully wondering how much of what he says you will take seriously. Testing you, he'll say of his fans: "I wish they would all write the payroll department. Or maybe they could try a campaign to get me a dressing room. I'm still using Larry Tierney's." Of his childhood, he'll remark with tongue-in-cheek: "We lived from pillar to post, always dodging landlords." Of his father, who was short and who died when he was two, he says: "My father was a midget." Of his mother, he'll remark darkly: "She used to be a linotype operator on the Bridgeport Post. Now she lives out here and spends her time denying she ever knew me." If you ask what he did before he started in pictures, he'll rattle off chattily: "I was a fighter, a life guard, a longshoreman, a sailor, a bouncer, a shoe salesman. Somehow no one could ever see me as a shoe salesman, particularly my boss!"

He constantly belittles his talents. He has written beautiful fiction. One short story, which appeared in Esquire, was about a bird who fell in love with a man. Such a subject and plot shows great imagination and sensitivity. Yet if you ask him why he stopped writing, he'll say: "It got pretty confusing— too much work. Too many people wanted me to do it. You know? 'That's good! Don't throw it in the wastepaper basket!' Somebody always looking over your shoulder. It became everybody else's business. I'm a lazy guy. Writing is work."

His theme song is that he's lazy. For instance, he used to write lyrics for songs. The specialized type of lyric used in night clubs. He was very successful at this and in much demand. "I was doing quite well," he reports gloomily; "until they began to offer me more money. Somebody called me up and offered me a $500 advance and $2500 on a song just for someone who was opening a club in Las Vegas. That did it—too much responsibility. I quit."

Yes, he's lazy That's what the man says, and wants you to believe. Yet he

Are you in the know?



To dramatize your eyes, should you—

- ☐ *Keep 'em rolling*
- ☐ *Bead your lashes*
- ☐ *Dodge dark lipstick*

You needn't go theatrical to get him to notice those glimmers. Come-hither glances may scare him off. (Likewise, "movie" lashes.) A subtler trick is to dodge dark lipstick. Paler shades are right for you . . . tend to add size to your eyes. And speaking of size . . . did you know Kotex (and *only* Kotex) comes in *3 sizes?* So when you choose from Regular, Junior and Super Kotex you're sure of having a napkin that's exactly right for *you.*



Which can help you land the job?

- ☐ *Your grooming*
- ☐ *Your manner*
- ☐ *Your voice*

Pipsqueaks and Timid Tillies don't score with the personnel department. But shyness and a tense voice needn't plague you — if you're sure you look smooth. That's one reason why good grooming is vital. (Especially in that first interview.) It's a prop for your poise. On trying days, let Kotex help, because Kotex coddles you with comfort; softness that doesn't desert you. Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it,* so you can take poise for granted!



Would a well bred week-end guest—

- ☐ *Expect to be waited on*
- ☐ *Help with the housework*
- ☐ *Leave it to her hostess*

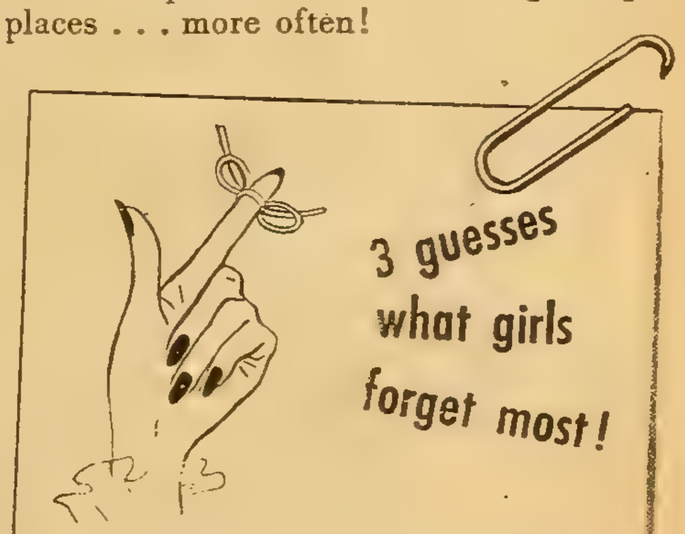
A guest is supposed to relax, you may say . . . so why lift your lily-white hand? One thing is certain: When visiting at "those" times, you can relax about sanitary protection worries. For with that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex, you get *extra* protection. You're *chafe-free.* Really comfortable. You can breeze through your share of those household chores. Then why not be helpful? The considerate guest goes places . . . more often!



To rate, must your date be—

- ☐ *A big-time spender*
- ☐ *A joe with a jalopy*
- ☐ *Just a grand guy*

Would you only date a big wallet deal — or only a character who can chauffeur you around? Too bad to be labelled a snob-sister. Lads like to rate for themselves alone. A really charming girl is sincere. Self-assured, too . . . and when you go dating at certain times, remember those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. What's more, that Kotex Sanitary Belt keeps you oh-so-comfortable. Yes! Because it's all-elastic, adjustable — lets you bend without binding.



- ☐ *Remove makeup at bedtime*
- ☐ *Repair chipped nail polish*
- ☐ *Buy a new sanitary belt*

Could be you *do* keep your nails neat . . . and your face scrubbed, at curfew. Yet, like most girls, chances are you forget to buy a new sanitary belt . . . keep putting it off until "next time." But to get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, *now's* the time to buy a new *Kotex* Sanitary Belt!

You see—the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. Yes, a *Kotex* Belt gives you snug, comfortable fit. It's adjustable . . . all-elastic . . . non-binding!



Kotex Sanitary Belt

Ask for it by name



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

got out of the Army at 11:15 one October morning in 1945 and was at work on "Till the End of Time" at 2:30 that afternoon. Since then he has not had one day off. He has made "The Locket," "Pursued," "Undercurrent," "Out of the Past," and "Crossfire." He has even worked on many Sundays. "I'm thinking of starting a BE KIND TO ROBERT MITCHUM WEEK," he gags, "so I can get some rest."

While this lightness, this facetiousness, this snide sense of humor is a definite part of his personality, still it isn't until he begins to talk honestly and authoritatively about things which are dear to his heart that his more serious side comes to the fore. Then there's a quick and stubborn set to his chin, a derisive tone to his voice as he punches and hits Hollywood tradition right on its classical profile.

He didn't have a difficult time, for instance, getting into pictures. He just applied for a job and got it—in the "Hopalong Cassidy" series. "Everybody always makes it sound so tough," he says tersely. "The only trouble is that they never starved before. Well, I've been starving—so to speak—since I was two years old. I came out here and got a job at $40 a week. Those actors who suffer it through never think of getting a job. They live six in a room and really think they're starving while they wait for a call from Central Casting. They've probably never gone days on end without eating. They don't *know*. What the hell do you think I've been doing all my life? I've been hungry too many times to count. When I'm hungry, I get a job. I don't sit around waiting for something to happen. Misery. These success stories full of misery! Really! I've got a life story I could write a book about. Just before I came out here, I had just gotten off the chain gang. How do you like that? I'm serious. I'm not kidding. They just threw me in the can down in Georgia. No means of support. Imagine, a kid of 15! So they tell me their hard luck stories: 'How I starved to become a star!' What's wrong with a little honest starvation? It makes you appreciate steak!"

That kind of a broadside can make a whole room come to abrupt silence, the more deadly because Bob's words are true and honest.

He's noted for speaking his mind. In a room of huntsmen, he isn't afraid to say: "I don't like to kill. I'm suspicious of guys that shoot birds and rabbits. Why don't they go down to the market and buy one instead of marching around in the woods? If they do it because they love the 'great outdoors,' why don't they do their shooting with a camera?"

He's equally frank about the motion picture industry. He'd like to do something worthwhile. Some of his pictures have not made him too happy. Of one, he says sarcastically, "It set back the cinema about forty years." He's also analytical about his acting ability, saying, "The only faculty I have is making bad lines sound good. But I can't make a good line sound better. Still, at least the bad lines don't sound any worse. I guess I should have started sooner. When you first start in pictures, you have a lot more confidence. Then I could have done a job. But in this business there's the business of waiting and waiting and waiting. Maybe you think you are pretty good, but you get a rôle anyone could do, and you never get a chance to do what you think you could."

That's the type of almost vicious self-analysis he possesses, frank, and as bitterly honest as the bathroom mirror early in the morning. The fact that he is currently one of the hottest box-office bets in Hollywood, that directors are begging for him, that studios are borrowing him from RKO at $200,000 per picture doesn't detract from his own terse judgment of himself. Robert Mitchum could never be accused of being conceited.

Perhaps because he can "take" criticism, he figures everyone else should be able to. He is not only a perfectionist about his own work, but about everybody else's. And he loves to expose typical Hollywood weaknesses. Many a writer or director has squirmed uncomfortably in conference while Bob satirized them. His caustic remarks, his ability to denude Hollywood of its smugness belongs in the hands of a columnist. It's too bad to waste it on an audience of pals in the studio commissary.

This is the way he speaks. "I would like to do something unusual with something usual," he'll say, "but it's the same old story. If Hollywood can package cigarettes and fill them with sawdust, it isn't going to fill them with tobacco. You run into this on every side. Take story conferences, for instance. They call you in the office and there's a bunch of characters sitting around.

"'Did you read the story?' they'll ask.

"'Yes.'

"'Anything you don't like about it? Anything you want changed?'

"'No.'

"'Come on now, Bob. Speak up. Don't be afraid. Are there any lines you want changed?'

"'Well, as a matter of fact, on page 61, paragraph 4, why do you let him say so-and-so? I think it would be better if he said so-and-so.'

"'But it means the same thing!'

"'I know, but I thought it would be more natural.'

"'Joe! What do you think of it the way it is?'

"'Oh, I think it's wonderful, Mr. Blank.'

"'Hymie? What do you think?'

"'Mr. Blank, it's terrific the way it is.'

"'Now come on, boys. I want you to be frank, you know.'

"'Oh, we think it's just too wonderful. Mr. Blank!'

"'Well, Bob, it looks like you're outvoted. But if there's any little thing you want changed now—'

"So you say, 'I don't like to mention it but on page 21, the guy gets in a fight but his words are sort of prissy.'

"Then Joe reads it and Hymie reads it and Mr. Blank reads it and they say, 'What the hell's the matter with it?'

"And they go into this long, detailed explanation of how it's the most terrific dialogue since Shakespeare. So you say, resignedly, 'Okay, okay. It's fine. It's super terrific. *OKAY!*'

"The last thing you hear as the conference goes on is, 'Now speak up, Bob, if there's anything you want changed. We want you to get the feel of the part, you know, so speak up!'"

His memory perfect, his analysis acid, a writers' magazine could use this discription as the perfect example of a typical Hollywood story conference. At his home studio, he doesn't run into this. But on loan-out, he too often does. Naturally, where the shoe fits, Bob's remarks are not solicited. But where real help is desired, his sharp story sense is appreciated.

Maybe one day he'll have a chance to produce and direct a picture. He'd like that. Then if he throws any verbal atom bombs, *he'll* be the target. Right now, it's the other guy. "There's a premium out here on brains," he declares. "But they still don't believe in improvement. Any intentional improvement is taboo. I believe a picture can have drama and conflict, but if it's supposed to create good will toward men and it merely summarizes the Golden Rule in one fast paragraph in the fifth reel, then I think it's failed. These tag endings with their morals are as effective as mush, but you'll probably be seeing them for the next hundred years. The formula worked once back in 1916, and no one wants to risk an 'improvement.'"

Yes, it's when Robert Mitchum speaks his mind with a distinct lack of fear that the strength of the man becomes marked; that's when your respect for him surmounts the flip wisecracks, the brittle quips, the attempts to belittle himself. That's when you see through to a character of deep convictions and courage and determination

If Hollywood had a few more Robert Mitchums, it would lose a lot of its tinsel and phony splendor. It might even become the down-to-earth place its champions have always held it to be.

ANSWERS TO SCREEN TESTS
ON PAGE 59

DEFINITIONS AND STARS

1. Cotten; 2. Hayworth; 3. Darnell; 4. Grayson; 5. Hutton; 6. Stewart; 7. Bergman; 8. Robinson; 9. Fairbanks; 10. Martin; 11. Mason; 12. Crawford; 13. Milland; 14. Cooper; 15. Bowman; 16. Hepburn.

CATEGORIES

1. All are dancers except Orson Welles.
2. All mothers except Claudette Colbert.
3. All came to Hollywood from the stage except Dorothy Lamour.
4. All are foreign born except Fredric March.
5. All have names of U.S. presidents except David Niven.

FILL OUT THE NAMES

1. Stanwyck; 2. Hayworth; 3. MacMurray; 4. Haymes; 5. Baxter; 6. Crosby; 7. Allyson; 8. Bergman; 9. Crawford; 10. Walker; 11. Heflin; 12. Fairbanks; 13. Andrews; 14. Johnson.

"Are Young Marriages Wise?"

Continued from page 27

I simply say I *don't* approve of young marriages! I've seen so few successes among them. Supposing the first marriage doesn't click. It then usually takes two or three stabs at it before you find the right person. By that time, you can be pretty disillusioned. You lose confidence in marriage itself. Before any boy or girl marries, he should know human beings first—and that comes only through experience. It's important that the starlight in your eyes doesn't blind you.

LINDA: During the war, it was a case of girls marrying quickly because of the fear of being "old maids" and also because there was so much emotion in the air. But that contagion of haste didn't end with the war. Teen-age boys and girls are still rushing into marriage. Maybe they're trying to be as grown up as their older sisters and brothers, but I think these unions today stand even less chance of lasting than the wartime marriages did. Couples who are ill-suited will find it out much sooner, since there can be no postponement now of the business of facing problems together.

IRENE: Yet there are some cases of wartime marriages that really worked out beautifully. I know one girl who was very pampered. She married during the war and had to live in trailers. She came out of it a finer woman. Present-day marriages can work as well.

BOB: All I can say is that my own first marriage didn't work out. My first wife and I were too young and inexperienced.

LINDA: Well, for that matter, I was married in my teens, but my husband had a more mature outlook on life which was a counter-balance to my youthfulness. Also he was well established in his profession—and that automatically eliminated one of the hazards of early marriages. But I know of only one case of a couple who married in their teens and are still happy. They are now about to celebrate their twentieth anniversary. They grew up in a small town, knew each other from childhood, and went together for two years before they took the Big Step. They're the exception, believe me.

GLENN: I don't think they're the exception at all! All the kids I knew in high school who married now have youngsters and are happy. In fact, out of my graduating class at Santa Monica High in 1934, a good dozen of the boys and girls were married a few months after graduation. And there's not a single divorce among them.

SHIRLEY: The only other young marriage I know of is that of my stand-in. She's been married eight months. Her husband goes to night school twice a week and has a job as a teller in a bank. One night a week they both go to a copper class where they make the cutest things for their home. Then there's one night a week for a movie. They really have a full life.

BOB: That reminds me of the old story, "Two can live as cheaply as one." Whoever said that should have his head examined. Too many young kids marry

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without having any money to back them up, and money certainly is important. Without it, problems arise, bills can't be met, the husband and wife take their worries out on each other, they can't enjoy the experience of living completely, and there's no pleasure in sharing because there's nothing to share. All this leads to arguments and certainly can't bind them together. The first thing you know there's a divorce.

SHIRLEY: I think the trouble is not with the kids but with the high prices today. Most young marriages are pretty sound as far as the love behind them is concerned. But the prices make it impossible to invite people over for dinner, for example, or for an evening. And it's even more difficult for those who have children.

BOB: No couple should have children until they can afford them. Take the business of the baby sitter when the wife and husband want to go out. There's no money to pay the sitter, so the wife stays home with the child and the husband goes off alone mad. Having children without sufficient finances isn't fair to either the parents or the child.

SHIRLEY: With the prices baby sitters get these days, I think I'll take up the job myself!

GLENN: There's a lot more than finances, though, to the difficulties young marriages face today. Most of the problems can be traced to the confusion emanating from certain governmental sources. Take the lack of housing for the young vet who can't find a place to live. But of all the pitfalls, one of the worst is still the prejudice against young marriages by the older people.

LINDA: Yet few teen age girls have any realization of what being married means. They have no conception of the responsibilities of marriage, the day-to-day problems, being handy with housework, the 50-50 partnership in a serious business. Also, too many young couples don't know each other long enough before they dash off to the marriage license bureau. They have the attitude, "Oh, well, if it doesn't work out, I can get a divorce."

IRENE: That's the trouble as far as I see it. I don't think we should pull punches on this subject. It's too important. Young people should be married by a minister or a priest to feel really married, but before marriage they should discuss the problems of that marriage with this minister or priest. And by the problems, I refer specificially to sex. Young people must be made to realize that what they're entering into is a beautiful, wonderful thing. They must listen to the advice they're given on such matters and follow it. I know one priest who gives lectures every week to young married couples on the basic facts of marriages. His outspoken comments are of tremendous help since he also acquaints them with the sacredness of such a union.

HOLLAND: I'm glad we're not mincing words on this subject, for we can be of real help to young people if we're honest. Now—let's go into this business of being in love. How can a couple know if they're really in love? What should they guard themselves against before marrying?

IRENE: It seems to be a matter of knowing each other well—and definitely of going out with other people. When a boy and girl are alone, it's all so very romantic, but with others around them, they can see each other better. Also, don't forget one is judged partly by the friends he has.

GLENN: In my mind, the deciding factor on whether it's right to marry or not depends on the upbringing of the boy and girl involved. If they're brought up sensibly, they'll know whether they should marry. No one can suddenly decide to sit down and say this is right or this is wrong unless he's very mature. It's like being in the Marines. When it was necessary to make a big decision in the middle of a battle, the mind automatically went back to the training received in boot camp.

LINDA: The first symptom of love or infatuation is the same—a powerful physical attraction to someone. And it takes tests, plus time, to diagnose which "disease" it is. I know one mother who uses a smart bit of strategy with her teen-age daughter and the daughter's "dates." When the girl is going out for the first time with a boy, she asks him to come for her a half hour early, "to meet the family." That way she finds out quickly whether or not he feels natural in the surroundings in which she feels natural.

SHIRLEY: The problem's not so simple. There are other conditions to consider. Supposing the girl is working. She must be sure the boy she wants to marry won't object if she goes on with her job. Or maybe she'll want to get a job after she's married so she can have extra money for clothes or for articles for the house that she couldn't afford otherwise. She must be sure of her husband and his pride in such matters.

BOB: You see, it's the old idea of finances again.

SHIRLEY: But it's more than that. A girl should know a boy, I think, for at least a year before she marries him. And even then she won't know all of his idiosyncracies until after marriage. Nor do I believe that a boy and girl should marry who quarrel while they're going together. They will go on fighting after they're married. I've heard people say that quarrels are good in marriage. I don't think so. They're not healthy.

BOB: For my money the only test for marriage is this: if you can't live without the girl, then marry her!

HOLLAND: All right, why not explode on long engagements and elopements?

LINDA: I believe in simple weddings, and that usually means to "elope." Pev and I did. And I don't believe in long engagements, either. It's always been my observation that people who go in for long engagements almost always develop strong possessiveness, which is a pretty unattractive quality.

IRENE: I just don't like elopements at all. Nor do I like long engagements. I see no reason to wait to marry if you're sure of yourselves, but I do think a marriage should be entered into with the beautiful ceremony that makes it memorable.

SHIRLEY: I've had a lot of letters from kids who are going to get married. They say that if they elope they won't have to spend the money on a church wedding—and also that their parents can't stop them then. I just don't like the idea of elopements. It's wonderful to look back on a wedding. It doesn't have to be so expensive at all. You just miss such a lot by eloping. And there's something sneaky about running off too much on the spur of the moment. As for long engagements, I was supposed to be engaged for two years. Actually, it was for only six months. No engagement should last any longer than that. The whole thing becomes too matter-of-fact then.

GLENN: Elopements are all right if there's a reasonably long engagement prior to it, but done impulsively they're no good. But—what's the hurry? Why rush into it? Tread softly and go far.

BOB: What's all this talk about *how* you get married? If you can pay your bills and build up a capital and have



Lucille Ball instructs Perry Como in the art of beating a rhumba—to his intense delight?

children, you have a good chance for success.

HOLLAND: And now we come to the matter of dates before marriage. What about marrying the first date? Should a boy and girl have many dates before marrying?

GLENN: Both should go out with all kinds of people. I have a collection of 200 pipes, for example, and it took me a long time to find which one I liked the best!

IRENE: I'll join you on that, Glenn. The more dates the better. Some of the unfortunate marriages have been the results of marrying the first beau. It's impossible, especially for a boy of 18 or 19, to be true to one girl all his life if he hasn't gone with anyone else before.

SHIRLEY: I was fond of six or seven boys before I married Jack, and I think it was good for me. Picking out the right person entails a great deal of worry and trouble, but it's worth it. You might miss the right person if you marry the first boy you date. One girl I knew made this mistake. Later the boy went overseas. When he came back a few months later, a baby was on the way. They were divorced before their baby was born.

LINDA: Many dates are good because your ideas change as you grow older. The kind of person to whom you're attracted when you're seventeen or eighteen may not be at all the type who will interest you at twenty. When you're a naïve sixteen, too, you're apt to accept people at their face value. When you're a little older, you're smart enough to dig under the surface a little before you form opinions.

BOB: Only experience can teach a boy or girl which is the right one to marry. I don't mean you must have a lot of love affairs, not at all, but there should be some means of comparison. One thing, I don't think any boy should marry a girl his own age. A woman should be eight or nine or ten years younger than the man, simply because she is smarter from every angle and has more stability than a fellow has. A man's not worth anything until he's mature. And this is from a guy who didn't used to believe that at all! It's the human nature of the male animal to want the little woman to worship him, but he shouldn't have that idolatry unless he deserves it and he'll certainly get it only from a younger girl.

HOLLAND: Which brings us now to the subject of the fateful first year. How can the problems that inevitably arise be met and conquered?

IRENE: One of the worst pitfalls is expecting too much of the other fellow. Being too sensitive about little things. A woman, in particular, is easily hurt. I think the husband and wife shouldn't be curt. They should be patient with each other. And they shouldn't go about parading frankness all over the place. Frankness is all right, but it needs a sugar-coating.

BOB: The first year is a matter of timing your life together. Let's face it—the average girl has no sense of time. But every young man has had just enough beatings to be a slave to it—in which respect he's rather stupid. But a young wife and husband should get up at the

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same time, have breakfast at the same time, go out together at the same time, and then they'll be okay. Sounds simple, but it's so important.

SHIRLEY: I think, too, that every couple should give themselves a year to make the adjustments. And learn to laugh things off, too!

LINDA: And among those adjustments is not expecting your mate to do what *you* want to do all the time. After years of considering your own wishes first, it takes a little doing to get in the habit of considering someone else's wishes too. But it has to be done for any marriage to last. The handling of finances can also bring trouble. The little woman goes on a spending spree without realizing that her husband had other plans for that money, or vice versa. And that brings up something else—if two people are happily married, chances are they have no secrets from each other. They aren't afraid to talk over problems. Then they don't take refuge in sulking or acting "hurt."

HOLLAND: And what are your ideas, Glenn? You're very quiet.

GLENN: The less advice one gives on that subject the better—and that includes magazine writers like you, bub!

HOLLAND: With that I shall do a discreet withdrawal into another subject —how much parents should interfere in young love. Should they decide what is the proper marriage? And don't all speak at once.

GLENN: You know how I feel about parents, Jack, but I do think that at a certain period in a person's life, parents should step aside and let the child live his own life. If they haven't gained their children's respect, it's too late to ask for it when the kids are ready for marriage. If the parents have done a good job, it won't be necessary to interfere at all. The boy or the girl will know what is right and make the correct decision without any help.

IRENE: I believe, too, that parents should be tremendously intelligent about first loves. They must lead their offspring to believe they are with them even if they're against them. If they feel that the mate the son or daughter has picked out is not right, they should, in a subtle way, bring out that point. Certainly they shouldn't be insistent or demanding, for that only fans the flames of rebellion. I do, however, feel parents ought to be consulted and listened to, but under no circumstances do I think that after marriage they should be allowed to live with the young couple. They should be controlled and not allowed to drop in whenever they wish. You simply can't expect in-laws to be congenial.

SHIRLEY: Parents *do* need adjustment too. They feel they must help their son or daughter. They're sincere in that desire, but they try too much. Parents, for the most part, are too possessive, especially if the offspring involved is an only child. Then the mother or father wants to do it all, and the boy or girl leans too much on the parents. If the boy happens to be the only child, he'll discuss his home problems with his mother and that builds up resentment between the mother and daughter-in-



Linda Darnell gives her views on young marriages in this issue, just before she left for a three months trip to Europe.

law. I firmly believe that parents must learn to let go. They've had their children long enough by the time the boy or girl marries.

BOB: It all depends on how much common sense the parents have built into a kid before he starts thinking of marriage. When the time comes for him to take the step, they should let him alone! Nor should they set out to break up a romance. It'll only ruin a home.

LINDA: Parents can do the job all right by setting good examples themselves of happily married people, always considerate of each other. All they have to do is to win their children's confidence at an early age and keep it so that when the marriage question comes up, it can be discussed calmly, sanely, in all its aspects.

HOLLAND: Let's hope all parents take to heart what you've said. Some can use such advice. Now—to wind things up, what do you feel are the advantages or disadvantages to marrying young? What final parting shots do you want to make?

BOB: I know of no advantages at all. Marrying young is like building a house on the first lot you see. The sun may look beautiful, the wind may be coming from a westerly direction, everything may *seem* wonderful. But after you've built the house, you find the wind will never come down that way again, you find the sewers are no good, the neighbors who were not at home the day you bought the lot are nuisances, the city plans to put in a business zone through your property, plants won't grow on your soil, so you sell the place. It's the same in marriage.

LINDA: I can't believe there are *no* advantages, Bob. For one thing, tastes are more likely to merge when you're young. You're not so set in your ways. The one disadvantage is that you may saddle yourself with family responsibilities before you have the time to achieve your career ambitions.

SHIRLEY: As far as I'm concerned, there are no disadvantages if the people involved are mature enough to be able to assume responsibilities.

IRENE: The big advantage is that by marrying young you'll be young with your children. It's difficult for a young mind and an exceptionally older mind to be congenial, to see eye to eye on things. Also, there's more enthusiasm to work things out together when you're younger. I think it's always better for a man, if he gets the right girl, to be married early. And by early, I mean somewhere in his 20's. I don't approve of boys in their teens getting married.

GLENN: Marriage is like a good wine —it mellows with age and becomes more wonderful, so what's wrong with getting an early start? The advantages certainly outweigh the disadvantages. Besides, if you're in love there is no disadvantage.

BOB: That's a romantic viewpoint, but I don't think it's practical, Glenn. Lots of kids have been in love, but they've wound up getting a divorce. Often there's nothing that can make a marriage work and a divorce is the only solution. One thing I do want to add—no couple should have children until they can afford them or until they have been able to get some pleasures out of life.

IRENE: Yes, but children *add* so much to a marriage! People who decide when and under what conditions they'll have children usually get left. I think all problems, however, can be solved if young married couples are made to realize, first of all, what marriage means —be aware of its importance.

SHIRLEY: And if something does happen that makes you angry, sleep on it—things aren't nearly as bad in the morning. People who say, "I want a divorce" usually say it impulsively and are sorry later. Pride is hurt. So bury that pride and use reason. Any problem can be worked out if you use understanding.

LINDA: And I want to repeat again and again—don't have any secrets from each other! Talk things out. Also, a wife should remember it's important for her to progress with her husband, keep his respect for her charm, intelligence, and good sense.

HOLLAND: And you, Glenn? Any last word?

GLENN: Too much advice has been given already! I think the best thing to do now is to leave the kids on their own and wish them luck.

HOLLAND: And with that, we do wish the kids luck and leave them on their own. As for the subject next month, that will be decided by the reader who sends in the idea considered most worthy of discussion. Well, thanks again—and see you soon for some more mind sharpening.

EDITOR'S NOTE

So how about it, readers? Sharpen up your minds, bring out those pet topics which you'd like Screenland's Star Advisers to discuss. Write out your question and the Star Advisers will choose the most worthy and suitable for discussion at future round table sessions.

Write to Screenland's Star Advisers, c/o SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York.

Keyes to Happiness

Continued from page 46

could resist such a gallant approach. We moved over. Larry and Evelyn hadn't seen each other since they made the already classic "Jolson Story" so they made with a quick exchange of affectionate banter.

"What are we having today?" Larry said, getting nosey. He brightened perceptibly when he heard it was an interview. Gleefully he said to us, "I know her like a book," and to Evelyn, "You just relax, honey, I'll handle this."

In an exaggerated southern drawl he began "Ah was bohn in Atlanter, Geo'-ga—"

"Sorry to disapoint you, Larry, but this is *not* the story of my life. It's on a subject you know nothing whatever about, advice to career girls. How to be married and work too."

"I can use a little information about that," Larry said. "My wife's a career gal and I'd love some pointers."

"All right, Parks, just be quiet and listen then," Evelyn said. Larry subsided meekly and busied himself with an outsize club sandwich.

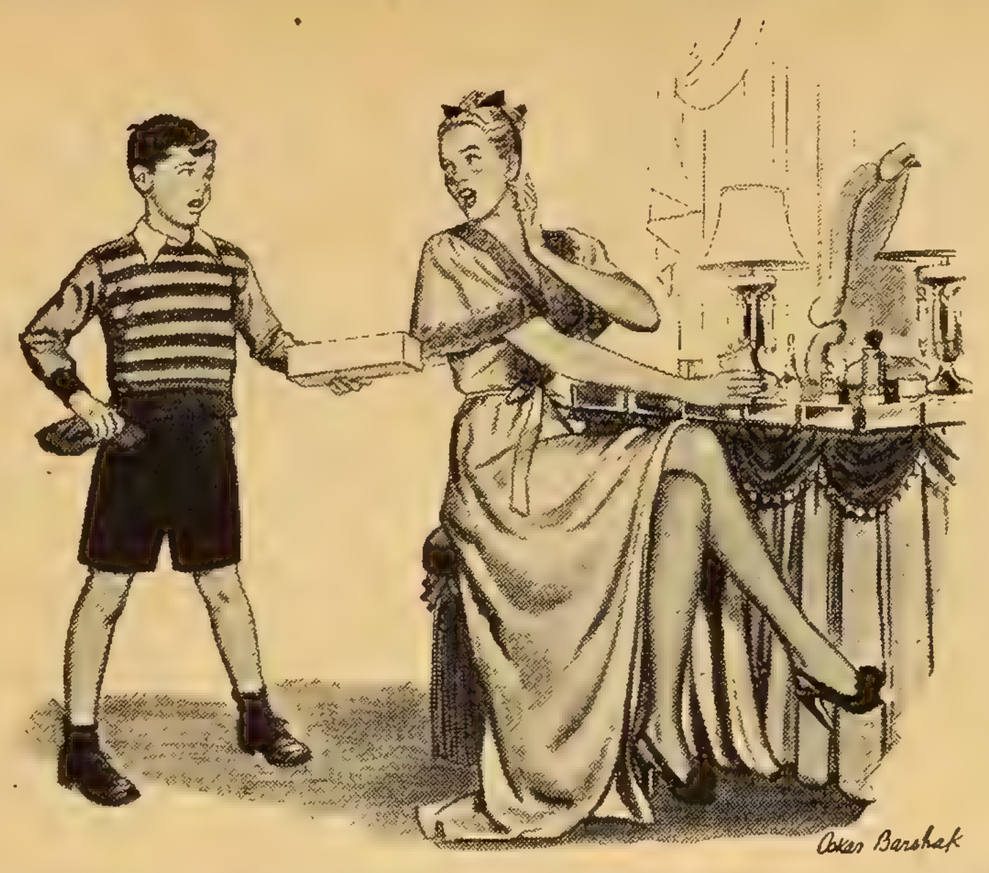
Evelyn promptly debunked the rumors flyin' around about giving up her career for marriage. "Hah," she said, giving short shrift to the rumors. "It would never occur to me—or John. I wouldn't marry a man who was the woman's-place-is-in-the-home type, probably wouldn't be interested in that kind of man in the first place. Besides, I wouldn't know what to do with myself if I didn't work. I've been at it too long to quit and it's a habit I wouldn't like to break."

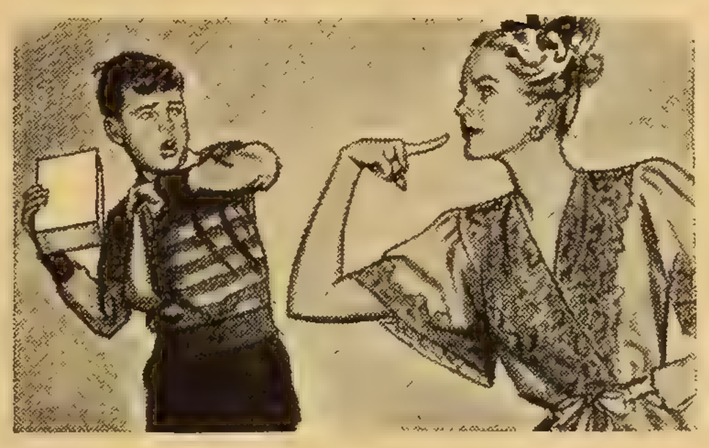
"Why *shouldn't* a man and his wife both work if they want to? It seems to me there are just a few simple but very important patterns for career girls to follow in marriage—and some definite obligations to fulfill. The first and foremost is for a husband and wife to treat each other like human beings. Watch the big things in a family relationship. They're important. So are the little things.

"Here's what I mean. If you're a girl who wants a husband and a career and your man's nice enough to humor you and let you work, then for Pete's sake don't use him for a griping board and pour out all the petty annoyances of your day at the office on him. Talk shop? Sure, when it's interesting, amusing, or constructive. Otherwise, keep home and business life separate. Be a wife when you come home. That's what he married you for. Don't be a companion or a buddy, a secretary, or a model. And above all, an actress should do her acting on the screen, not in her own living room for the doubtful benefit of her husband.

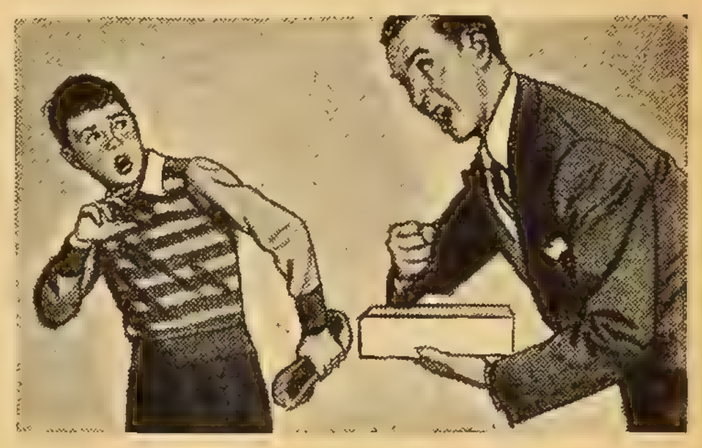
"A career woman has to be especially careful about not taking her husband for granted because she's bringing home part of the finances. It's easy to get independent the wrong way. When a woman is not economically dependent on her husband's earning power there is one less thread to hold them together. By that I mean they must try harder than ever to be compatible because it's much easier

"*But I didn't say tissues*...I said KLEENEX!"

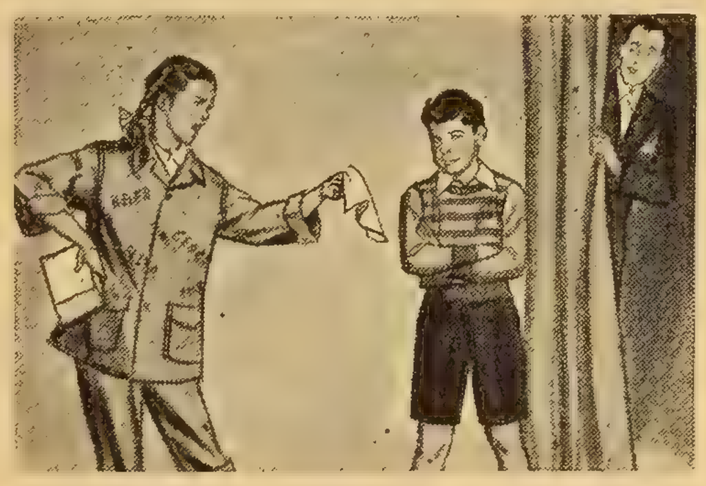




It's not the same thing at all—bridled Mother. Look. This is the only face I have—and I intend to take care of it. With a *s-o-f-t* tissue. A *Kleenex* Tissue. Good heavens—how many times do I have to tell you that Kleenex *isn't* another name for tissues?



Your Mother's right—for once! Pop chimed in. Kleenex is *different*. Take this box. Does it say Kleenex? No! Does it serve up tissues one at a time—so you don't have to fumble for 'em? No! So? Before you mistake other tissues for Kleenex—think twice, son!



I've got my NOSE to think of! blurted Sis. Talk about a raw deal! Jeepers—all day I've been quietly dying for some dreamy, soft Kleenex for these sniffles. And what happens? Smarty-pants, here, hands me ordinary *tissues*—when my nose *knows* there's no other tissue just like heavenly Kleenex!

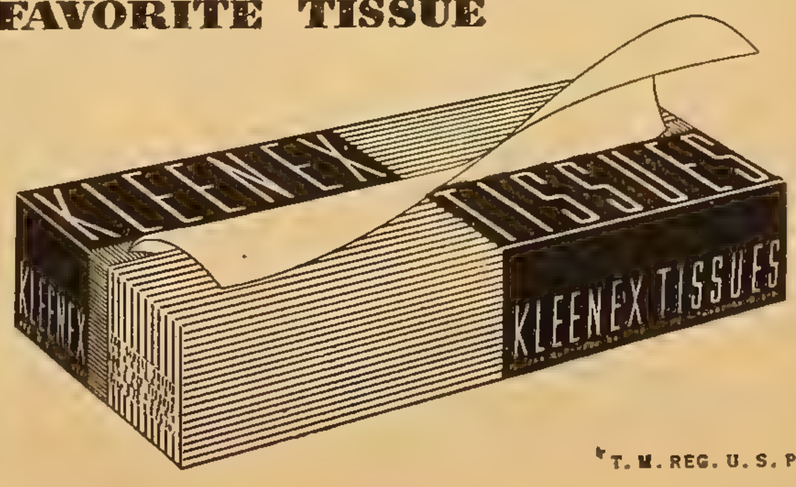


I'll learn you! winked Uncle Joe. Hold this gen-u-wyne Kleenex Tissue to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Never. You see Kleenex *quality* come smilin' through—always the same—so you can bet Kleenex is plenty *soft*. And husky! Your *eyes* tell you there is *only one* Kleenex.

Now I know...*There is only one KLEENEX**

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to walk out on marriage when both are able to earn their own living. A career girl should show her husband she loves him in spite of the fact that she doesn't have to ask him for spending money. I think more Hollywood marriages fail on that score than on any other."

"Okay, gal, be more specific about not taking a husband for granted," Larry piped up.

"All right, I will," Evelyn said, picking up the challenge. "It's up to a girl to keep up all the appearances after she's married, not only in looking as glamorous as possible but also in taking an active hand in running the home. Even if she's lucky enough to have domestic help, nothing takes the place of that personal touch. She could try to keep up the romantic aspects of marriage and not think because she's got her man trapped she can let him down."

"I'll go along with that," Larry approved.

"Furthermore, a gal who works should be capable of taking over the responsibilities of a home. Suppose her husband has to be away. If she's not capable of attending to things while he's gone, who's going to?"

"Now you've got something, Evvie. On account of gradually the little woman can even do the chores when her husband *is* home," Larry said.

"Not on your life, Parks," Evelyn retorted with spirit. "It's just as much up to the man to do his share. How about when she's away? Besides, I don't believe in pampering or spoiling men."

"How about men spoiling their wives? Hmmm?" asked her quiz kid friend.

"Indeed they should not, particularly a career wife. She has to be self-reliant, take disappointments in her stride, stand on her own feet—not be the clinging vine who runs to her husband every time her career doesn't go the right way. Neither should her man dictate to her about the management of her career."

"Amen," Larry said briefly.

"I don't believe in each one letting the other do exactly as he pleases—"

"Hey, wait a minute," Larry broke in excitedly. "How are you going to do that?"

"Simple! Because if you're really interested in each other you'll *want* to do the same things. If your guy has hobbies, likes sports, art, music, books, friends, try to develop a taste for them yourself. It's amazing how much you can learn, what wonderful new avenues of experience and thought open up for you. A man like that, who has an open and curious mind, will be interested in the things you like to do, too. But if, say, your husband wants to go to the ball game and you want to go to the movies then I see no reason why one has to give up to the other. Let Mr. Husband go to his ball game and you go to the movies. When there's an agreeable understanding of that sort between two married people, chances are one will voluntarily give up to the other.

"But give up or not, there's one thing I'm firm about. Don't have any arguments. How? *Just don't have them,* period. Discussions, yes. Sit down calmly and talk things over without losing any tempers. It *can* be done. If you don't have a temper you can't lose it, to corn an old phrase."

"Yuk, yuk, yuk," Mr. P. put in his three cents worth. (At the rate of one cent per yuk.)

"Now, Larry, I'll give *you* some advice," Evelyn said, fixing him with a look.

"Who, me? I'm a model husband," he said, grinning.

"How dull for Betty," Evelyn retorted mockingly. "Who wants a man without a few faults? Seriously, though, if you're the right kind of husband you'll show a career wife as much courtesy and attention as if she were the helpless, clinging vine type. Remember anniversaries, birthdays, help her into the car, admire her clothes—"

"Even if she pays for 'em?" Larry complained.

"Especially if she pays for 'em!"

"What if you don't like the clothes? Do you have to admire them anyway?" Larry asked.

"No, that isn't cricket. I dress to please myself but I wouldn't wear anything I knew John objected to and I imagine Betty feels the same way."



Jean Sablon, movie-bound, and Jo Stafford, voted top feminine vocalist, get together for close harmony. How about putting it on film?

Larry admitted Evelyn was on the beam there.

"Umm, I just thought of something I think is awfully important. When a man has work to do at home his wife should make him as comfortable as possible, see he has everything he needs, then go away and let him concentrate, not think up a thousand things to talk about or for him to do, or dream up a little tidbit of choice gossip to tell him just when he's deep in his chores."

"And if the gal has some work to do at home?" inquired Larry.

"Same thing exactly. He should find something else to do while she's working and not pace the floor like a caged lion or act like a neglected little boy. It all boils down to—"

They both said in chorus, "Treating each other like human beings."

"In my book there's no such thing as treating a man a certain way just because he's a *man.* Or a girl just because she's a member of the so-called frailer sex," Evelyn elaborated.

Larry studied her for a moment, then said, "Are you a furniture mover-arounder?"

"I used to try to rearrange the house, but you see we live in the place John designed and built before we were married. I found after I'd pushed things to and fro, hither and yon, they looked better the way he had them in the first place, so now I have become a picture-mover. We have lots of paintings, so off and on for the last six months I've been trying them in different spots to get a new effect. It gives the house a new feeling, and is a much less tiring occupation. When we build the home on our horse-breeding ranch maybe I'll get a chance to shift things around," she laughed.

"How about towels and napkins and stuff—do you like monogrammed ones or just plain ones?" Larry continued the third degree.

"Monogrammed things, yes, but oh, how I hate things with 'His' and 'Hers' or 'Mr.' and 'Mrs.' on them! What if you got them mixed up and he used the ones with 'Hers' and you got the ones that said 'His'! Wouldn't that be awful?"

"It certainly would! Why, it's liable to affect your whole life," Larry said soberly.

"Do you favor the idea of a man and his wife working together?" Larry asked Evelyn.

"Sure, why not?" she answered. "If they're happy with each other at home why shouldn't they be professionally? But how is a poor girl going to get a job with a man like mine? His new picture is 'Treasure of the Sierra Madre' with his pals Humphrey Bogart and Henry Fonda and his father, Walter Huston—no women in it. And after that he plans to do 'Moby Dick'—another picture without women."

"It ain't fair," Larry sympathized. "But don't you think a man and his wife might get tired of one another, working and living together? Don't you think they might see too much of each other?"

"Not if they're happily married," Evelyn said. "If they agree on all the points that I feel constitute a happy marriage they shouldn't tire of each other. If they don't agree, can't adjust their lives, quarrel, or are jealous, of course they can't work together, much less live together. You see, marriage means all these things and if a couple doesn't have them, then it couldn't have been much of a marriage in the first place. And, as I see it, that's about all there is to it."

"You have given me some very valuable pointers, Mrs. Huston, and I thank you," Larry said formally.

"You're entirely welcome, Mr. Parks, and I hope your home life is a happy one always," Evelyn said, equally formally.

"Now, we'll get to the *real* Evelyn, the Evelyn I know and work with," Larry threatened.

In the same exaggerated southern drawl he started the routine, "Ah was bohn in Atlanter Geo'ga and the day Ah was bohn Ah was only one day old—"

Just for that we made him pick up the lunch check.

Pretty Girls Are Smart Girls

Continued from page 16

scrub your face and cream it if it's dry, wash out your stockings, and so to bed and pleasant dreams.

Time: Next morning. Perhaps the hardest feat in the morning is to rise at the first peal of pal alarm clock or mother's frantic call. If you're one who has trouble with alarms—that is, you turn it off and turn over for another snooze—we suggest you put the noisy thing out of reach, then you'll have to get up out of bed to turn it off. Stay away from that bed. Going back is "agin" all rules—you're up for good.

We're assuming that your first class is at nine and the ting-a-ling goes off at 7 bells. If school starts earlier, then adjust your schedule accordingly. First you make with the bed, fold and put away your night clothes and tidy the room a bit. It's about 7:10 by this time. Now gather up all your fresh lingerie and off to shower or bath where with soap 'n water bubbles, after-bath lotion, talcum, and whatnot, you'll really get a chance to wake up. The time now is 7:25 and you're ready to dress. If you are wearing dark clothes, then you'll probably want to do your makeup before putting them on. So get dressed part way, undies and so forth, put your robe on again or don a makeup cape and on with the cosmetics.

If your epidermis has a tendency to be oily, try starting your process with a skin freshener or if it's dry, use a little cream to soften it. Then apply your foundation (cake or liquid for oily-skinned damsels and creamy types for the dry.) The shade should be slightly darker than your own skin, and do apply it evenly to all areas of the face. Keep in mind that the neck is a prominent branch of that face and gets the same treatment back and front. If you haven't tried using skin freshener to moisten your makeup sponge (if you use one), then try it because the scent is wonderful and it saves rushing around for water. Change the sponge often so it will always be fresh.

If you haven't a natural bloom of your own, then by all means touch a bit of rouge to your cheeks and smooth it over with powder. With a big brow brush sweep away excess powder from your brows and lashes. Now comb out your glorious mop, then you're on your way to breakfast. Check your watch, it should be 7:45.

Bet you thought we had forgotten about your lip paint! Ah, no, wait until after breakfast to put it on, then it won't be smeared. Do go lightly with the lipstick, won't you? After all, you don't have to put on a fashion show at school. Just be well groomed and you'll be quite a trick.

Breakfast in the morning should always be a leisurely affair, talking with the family and eating a good big meal with juice, eggs and stuff to give you the right start for the day. It should never be an on-the-run affair where you find yourself still eating your toast as you run out the door. Try to allot at least half an hour for breakfast, finishing at about 8:15. Another fifteen minutes for putting on your lipstick, giving a final touch to your coif, making certain books and pocketbook are all ready, putting on your hat, and you'll be out of the house at 8:30 to wend your way leisurely to school.

If, perchance, you are one of the younger school girls who hasn't reached the lipstick and rouge stage yet, don't think that I am advocating powder and paint for third graders. Far from it. Or maybe you are having a discussion with Mother about whether or not you should wear makeup. Age actually has little to do with it. A pretty accurate gauge is if the girls in your class all wear makeup; then it should be all right for you to wear it. But this means "all" the girls, not just a few of the kind who like to be different—they aren't the type you should have for friends anyway. In any case, don't argue with Mother about it; she usually knows best, and the time will come soon enough when you can wear cosmetics to your heart's content

But for you lassies who are in high school and college, keep up your schedule and you'll rate high in school and popularity. Believe me, that's straight.



First still of Paulette Goddard's English film, "An Ideal Husband," in the act of charming Michael Wilding for London Film production, directed by Sir Alexander Korda.



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Some beauty products to add to your shopping lists

WE ALL love the luxury of a lush bubble bath, and we have just discovered one that bubbles abundantly. It's Bathasweet's Bubbling Bath Oil. Only a tablespoon or so in your bath water will do the bubbles trick and the fragrance is out of this world. The price is only a dollar for a good sized bottle and it will last for ages.

More news in the good grooming line is Jacqueline Cochran's contribution to the fastidious female. It's called Lotion Deodorant and is a new type of lotion to check perspiration and stop odor. It has a delightful aroma and is economical, too, because just a few drops are necessary to do the job. A two-ounce bottle retails for a dollar, and a handy soft cellulose tipped applicator goes with it. It's really an excellent buy.

Sometimes, at this time of the year, it's a difficult problem to find the right shade of face powder to compliment sun-browned complexions. That's where Lady Esther's new shade, "Malibu Tan," comes in, for it is especially designed to meet a summer-tan face-powder problem. The shade is soft and subtle, yet it's dark enough to blend with your fall complexion. The powder consistency and fragrance are something else to rave about.



Guide To Glamor



Jacqueline Cochran Lotion Deodorant.

"Malibu Tan" powder by Lady Esther.



Bathasweet's "Bubbling Bath Oil."

Fall Pre-vue

Continued from page 51

We had lots of fun this month taking a peek at the new fall fashions and getting Arleen Whelan to model them for us. And don't the clothes look scrumptuous on her? Too bad it couldn't be in color, for her glowing red tresses made a beautiful contrast to the colorful outfits. She wears a size 10 perfectly and is a pleasure to photograph because everything looks good on her. By just a change of apparel, she can be turned into the sweet girl type or a glamorous sophisticate. Yes, Arleen is quite an all-round gal and you'll agree to that after you see her in Paramount's "Variety Girl."

And now more about the clothes. As you can imagine, it isn't possible to list the many, many stores that carry the clothes Arleen is wearing, so we have just listed a few. True, they may not be within shopping distance for you, so in that case we are listing the names and addresses of the manufacturers, too. So, if you want to buy them, just send a letter to the manufacturer and he will tell you where the clothes you want can be bought in your vicinity.

Strapless plaid taffeta formal

Junior Formals
498 Seventh Avenue
New York 18, N. Y.

Black Mouton coat

I. J. Fox
393 Fifth Avenue
New York 16, N. Y.

Hat worn with coat

Stetson Millinery
475 Fifth Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

Two-piece striped dress

Jonathan Logan
1375 Broadway
New York 18, N. Y.

Hooded reversible raincoat

Aquatogs
250 West 39th Street
New York 18, N. Y.

Umbrella and bag set

Handi-Bag Company
5 West 31st Street
New York 1, N. Y.

Crepe with contrasting plaid poncho

Varden Dress, Inc.
530 Seventh Avenue
New York 18, N. Y.

Bengaline cocktail dress

Junior Formals
498 Seventh Avenue
New York 18, N. Y.

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 14

more of Armed, the horse, than they ever have of Ann Sheridan (I am NOT comparing her to a famous horse) are arguing about the "sure" winner in tomorrow's fifth. Comes a truly humorous episode in the film, but only a few faint chuckles can be heard above the disinterested chatter of the audience.

Last evening I accepted an invitation of another friend to visit his home to hear—and see—his home-made television set. That settled it. For me, there will *always* be movies. Another rehash of a film was on. We were all settled in our chairs, eagerly interesting ourselves in the movie plot. Just when it gets going nicely, one technical soul starts debating the merits, units, manufacturing costs, etc., of this set versus factory-built outfits. A hot discussion ensued. No sooner is that over and the "interest" is resumed than, right at the crucial point in the film, one of the female guests remarks loudly to another across the room, how much she likes her shoes (which she probably didn't)—one of those effusive souls who just can't sit still two minutes without speaking.

Television, in many ways, is fine—will even improve. But please, don't ever let it do away with our movies. Give us our theaters, the humble neighborhood movie where a guy can go, relax, watch a film in peace, laugh—and hear others laugh with him; or grip the arms of his chair in utter silence as a crucial moment shows on the screen—a moment into which directors, writers, artists have put months of sweat, labor and money. Even the whistles, shrieks of the kids is now music to my ears. At least they're interested, or they wouldn't have paid their paltry allowances to see the picture. Think of the untold justified murders that will be committed when a group of fans are watching a favorite star in an emotional scene and some dame pipes up about the price of a pair of shoes—that wouldn't even fit her.

JOHN LESLIE, Camden 3, N. J.

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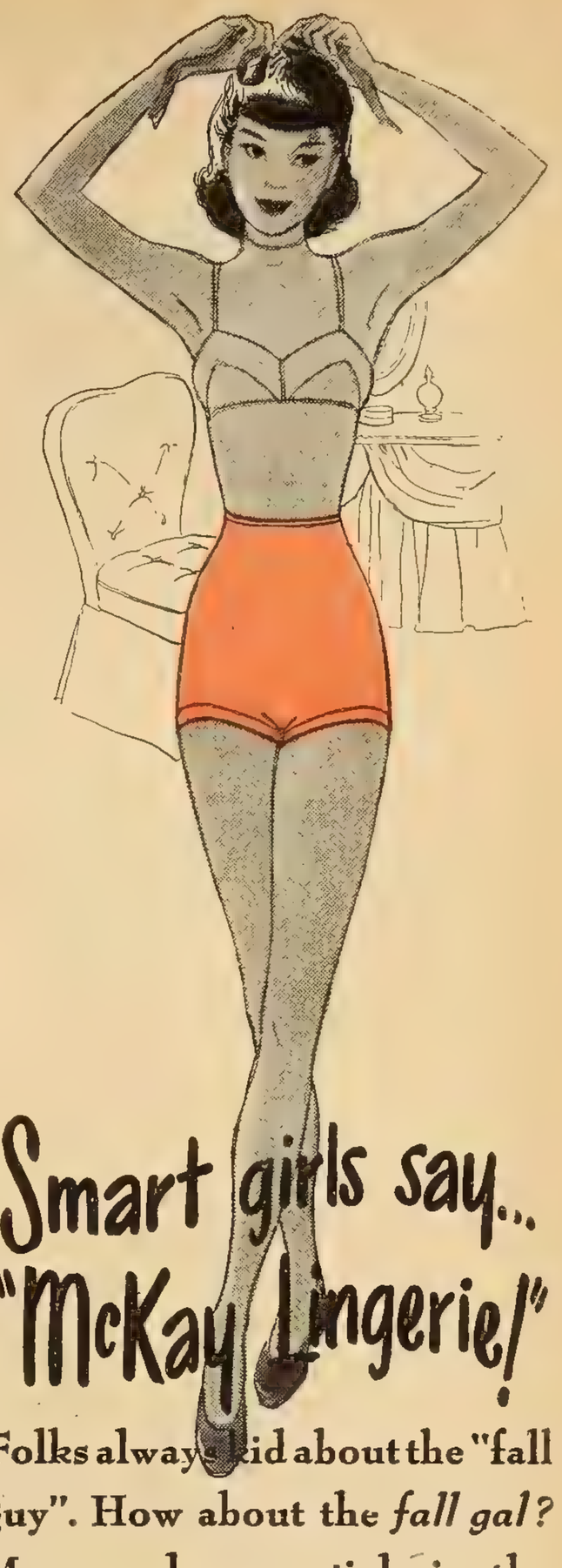
$1.00

Why is it that Hollywood makes Peter Lawford out as a smooth, polished English gentleman? He is smooth and polished and no doubt his birth certificate proves he is English, but it seems to me he should be all these things plus a little more dynamite on the screen.

By dynamite I don't mean the way Humphrey Bogart and Alan Ladd are, but the kind of dynamite a fellow has when he'll take a "poke" at a guy or two in fighting for the woman he loves. It seems to me all the screen stories built around Peter make him look too much like a quitter, and I know that he can prove himself as having some fight in him if he is only given the chance.

Peter is without doubt one of the finest young actors on the screen today. He is destined for bigger and better rôles, and I'm certainly hoping Hollywood will wake up and make a "man" out of him in his future screen rôles.

VIRGINIA D. SMITH, Urbana, Ill.



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Today's movies, except for a few outstanding ones, show a greatly distorted view of the way life really is for most of us, and for that reason alone their influence is far from being as wholesome and helpful as it should be. Too many productions today seem to cater to human emotions that degrade instead of those that uplift, and these movies are particularly harmful to young people whose minds are in the pliable and molding stage and who haven't yet acquired the knowledge and experience needed to distinguish the difference between emotional shifting sands and solid rocks.

Perhaps we older movie fans are largely to blame for the kind of pictures we have today. Movie-makers have learned from the only source that they listen to—the box office—that they can't present commonplace, ordinary lives and problems. These don't appeal to us as so many of us live such lives, and when producers make them into movies, we are bored. We want something more spectacular—something that is entirely different.

Few really believe that the average American home is the way so many present-day movies show it—made up of loose-moraled, drinking, money-grabbing, divorce-crazy people. Such pictures, discounting honest love of married people, home, and country, are distorting and degrading, and certainly don't present the kind of homes that founded this great country and made us the nation we are today. We can't afford to allow the movies—even the fine entertainment they can be—to endanger the moral standards of our society's security, by permitting producers to flood our theaters with low-grade, unwholesome motion pictures.

R. W. CARR, Parkersburg, W. Va.

DIALOGUE DEARTH

$1.00

An amusing article on Nunnally Johnson which appeared in a national weekly magazine a few months back brought out the fact that Mr. Johnson believes most pictures are so stereotyped that from a few lines of dialogue the entire plot can be instantly recognized. The article then went on to quote a few examples chosen by Mr. Johnson to back up his contention. Since reading this piece, I have been seeing quite a few of the current movies, and I now know exactly what he means. As a matter of fact, I have compiled a few specimens of my own. For example:

"Don't worry, we'll get the money somehow—we've got to! The show *must* open in Philadelphia tomorrow night!"

"Lydia, Lydia, you silly child! Don't you realize I am old enough to be your father—that we can't continue like this?"

"Poor darling, I am older than you in many ways, so let's not discuss it any further."

"Why, you dirty, yellow rat, I oughta turn you over to the D. A., but that would be too easy. I have a better plan."

"You want *me* to forgive *you*—but what is there to forgive? It is I who should be asking your forgiveness. I've been a blind fool."

"Everything has been squared with the police, Nora has forgiven you—she should be here any minute! Now get out there and sing your fool head off, the audience is waiting."

And finally there are these familiar old lines, dear to the hearts of the dialogue writers:

"This thing is bigger than you or me, Deborah. It's bigger than both of us."

How trite can you get?

LAWRENCE LYBARGER, New Canaan, Conn.

SHEAR DEVOTION

$1.00

I want to echo the thought of R. Lambkin, presented recently in Fans' Forum, about 1947 coiffures in pictures of the Twenties. I felt swindled after seeing "Margie," for though I wasn't born then, I have many family pictures of my young aunts and older sisters. Some had bangs like Colleen Moore, and smooth, shingled hair; many had regular boy cuts (how I have envied them) and they were so pretty and distinctive.

If only one young star, like Lizabeth Scott or Audrey Totter or Gene Tierney or Nancy Guild or Lauren Bacall or Donna Reed, would start it, a lot of us would quickly follow suit. Please, Hollywood, release us from the social compunctions and compulsions of "long" styles in hair! The natural look of shingles, straight bangs, and ears worn out in the open, all put together, would be very refreshing.

I would especially like to see Ella Raines among the starters of that style—if she would, I'd snip in "shear" devotion.

DOROTHY KUSSEL, Chicago, Ill.

ALL OUT FOR ALLYSON

$1.00

After seeing June Allyson in such a picture as "The Secret Heart," I wonder why MGM doesn't give her better rôles? She is a favorite among the American public. Her stint in "Till the Clouds Roll By" was one of the highlights of the film. Let's have her in more pictures in which she can act and more of her in better musicals like "Two Girls and a Sailor."

EDWARD STAATS, Chicago, Ill.

GLAMOR DRAMA FOR HUTTON

$1.00

I have yet to see one of Betty Hutton's pictures that didn't show her knocking herself out to be funny. I know she has talent, but her pictures do not show her talent for real dramatic acting. Why not have at least one picture that will give her a chance to win an Oscar?

I hope the movie industry will give Betty a chance to show her beauty, too. I've seen a few glamor pictures of her and, believe me, she really has the beauty there to bring out. Please do something about that beauty, for beauty's sake.

FRANCES SALYERS, Aberdeen, Md.

TRITE TALES

$1.00

The other evening I saw the film, "Carnegie Hall." In the two and a quarter hours the film runs, some of the finest music is expertly interpreted by really great artists. Why, in a film of this musical magnificence, must they inject one of the dullest stories just filled with clichés? A story of this type would have made a fine musical on the order of "Ziegfeld Follies." Surely the history of Carnegie Hall has more of interest than this dull tale suggests. However, if the producers couldn't find anything more exciting, then they should have omitted the story.

GERALDINE SHAY, New York, N. Y.

Fred Robbins Right Off the Record

Continued from page 38

being Hamp's ad libs on the last chorus. (Decca)

FINIAN'S RAINBOW: Shure, and how are things in Danna—I mean, Glocca Morra. Ah, what a show, "Finian's Rainbow"! And what a treasure to own this new album waxed by the original cast. S'not only loaded with the wonderful sharps and flats but many of the dramatic spoken interludes, which gives the deal a sense of continuity. Featured are Ella Logan, Albert Sharpe, Donald Richards, David Wayne and the Lyn Murray Singers. Shure, things are fine in Glocca Morra, Laura. With this album, they're fine anywhere! (Columbia M-MM-686)

WOODY HERMAN: "Pedro Maximillian Hernandez," "Can You Look Me in the Eyes." Arriva! Agua! Woodrow comes on about "the gonest president we ever had"—Pedro Maximillian Hernandez, who was born in Santa Fernandez, near Mirandez. "Tho he started from the bottom, we weren't glad when we got him, but we're awfully sorry we shot him—he was the best presidente we ever had!" Hey, Pedro, gimme the flashlight, let's find some better songs for Senor Herman. Backside is more like it! (Columbia)

HARRY JAMES: "Moten Swing," "Something for Nothing," "Tomorrow"—shades of Kansas City! Two-faced cookie by Betty's boy of the one Count Basie made famous—named after Benny Moten, the Count's old boss. Harry horns in plenty and along with Corky Corcoran on tenor and Willie Smith on alto, the whole deal jumps like a runaway high tension wire. T'other waffle's nice for dancing' hey! "Something for Nothing" spots the larynx of H.J.'s new canary, Pat Flaherty, formerly with Billy Butterfield. Yummy! And Tiny Timbrell comes on strong behind her—"I'm gonna see my baby tomorrow." Come on, soda, let's fizz! Dance, that is. (Columbia)

MARGARET WHITING: My gal Maggie lobbin' some choice throbbin' your way—that gorgeous hunk of fluff from "Finian's Rainbow"—"Old Devil Moon." How that sound flows when Margaret throws her head back. And the backside, "Ask Anyone Who Knows," is just as creamy on the ear, dear. Ask anyone who hears. (Capitol)

THE CHARIOTEERS: Four sets of tonsils swingin' low, like the sweet chariot—putting that baby to sleep like they did in Italy way back when you were a bambino. "Chi-Baba, Chi-Baba, Chi-Baba." Try this on your kid brother or sister or son or daughter when the little rascal refuses to hit the lily whites. (Sheets). Mitchell Ayres puts down some fine background on this 'un. Back is a slow, harmonic tonic, "Say No More"—but they do on another biscuit—"Ride, Red, Ride"—wherein you take that tuba from your side, Red, and ride, Red—and I don't mean stand still! Phew! Which way did they go? Then, slow and sleepy again on the other cheek of this, "So Long." (Columbia)

LOUIS JORDAN: "Jack, You're Dead." "I Know What You're Puttin' Down." Here comes Mr. Jordan! "When that chick is starin' at you, even tho there's nothing said, if you stand there like a statue—Jack, you're dead!" You better be measured for that wooden box, Jack. You're just useless on this planet. Very catchetori! Turn the biscuit around for a vital recital about a chick who thinks she's jivin' him but he's hip—"I Know What You're Puttin' Down." (Decca)

TEX BENEKE: Two honeys from Bing's flicker, "Welcome Stranger," by Tex and the Miller gang. That opus in re the wandering ticker which loves to quote from Omar Khayyam get a good jamination. Tex and the Mellowlarks apply the stethoscope. Garry Stevens unwraps some nice plumbing on the overleaf, "As Long As I'm Dreaming." He's one of the better singers these vocally crowded days. (Victor)

BING CROSBY: Hank Greenberg's boss wraps up those four hits from his fresh pix we've been hummin'. I'm talkin' about "Country Style," "Smile Right Back at the Sun," "As Long As I'm Dreaming," and this taxpayer's favorite, "My Heart Is a Hobo," about the restless ticker that has eyes only for rods and reels and hates alarm clocks tickin' but is knocked out by berry pickin'. Bing's singin' is the best in months of berry pickin'. (Decca)

"SOMEBODY LOVES ME": Capitol grabbed their whole gang and put 'em to work for this bundle of 8 cookies—all from the pen of Buddy DeSylva, which must not only write under water but has a lifetime supply of hits to boot. Open it and out fall Peggy Lee, Andy Russell, King Cole Trio, Clark Dennis, Johnny Mercer and Martha Tilton (duet), Pied Pipers, Margaret Whiting, Hal Derwin and the bands of Paul Weston and Dave Barbour. The sound you'll sop up is "Somebody Loves Me," "Just a Memory," "You're the Cream in My Coffee," "Together," "If I Had a Talking Picture of You," "Avalon," "April Showers," and "When Day Is Done." Tender and ala mode! (Capitol CD 49)

FRANK SINATRA: Run, hon—don't walk—use radar if you must, but fall down to your nearest jump dump and cop Nancy's daddy's freshest cookie! He gets under the lyrics and your skin with two beauties from "Brigadoon"—"Almost Like Being in Love," and "There But for You Go I." Makes you think he played the lead. Kid has an endless supply of molasses in that eppiglottus but don't we love it. Pass me that spoon, Mom. (Columbia)

FRANKIE CARLE: "Carle Comes Calling"—Here's an armful of box in a right-out-of-the-oven Columbia album by Marge Hughes' daddy in eight different flavors. There's "Star Dust," "Canadian Capers," "I'll Get By," "Deep Purple," "Penthouse Serenade," "I Want a Girl," "Chopin's Polonaise in Boogie," "If You Were the Only Girl." There's a rhythm section in these grooves, too, so it's perf for dancin'! C'mon snake, let's crawl. (Columbia C 129)

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KING COLE TRIO: That name on the label, Mabel. S'like SCREENLAND. That's all you have to look for, 'cause there's oodles of goodies underneath. Nat unloads two more valid ballads that are easier to digest than whipped cream and very intime and on the beam. "Aw, Come On, Let the Sunshine Through, Come in out of the Rain," is one and the way Nat mouths "Aw, come on," will getcha, Fletcher. T'other's the one Woody's done, "Can You Look Me in the Eyes." Oh, this gleesome threesome! Like my convertible Buick—smooth, sleek and very elite! (Capitol)

PEGGY LEE: M-m-m—Mrs. Barbour and her chain, David, on guitar, which means crushed strawberries! "Ain'tcha Ever Comin' Back" is Peg's plea on one side and if you can ignore her—"Jack, You're Dead." Turn her around for "Chi-Baba, Chi-Baba, Chi-Baba," via the same characters who wrote "Chickery Chick." Wasn't that one enough! This is a waste of Peggy's larynx (Capitol)

SPIKE JONES AND HIS CITY SLICKERS: Drag out the sound effects! And don't forget the washboards, whistles, razzberries, kitchen sink and bubble gum. Spike goes to work with the Barefooted Pennsylvanians, Dr. Horation Q. Birdbath and the Saliva Sisters demolishing "Love in Bloom." Even better than Jack Benny, too. George Rock works his jaws overtime on the back "Blowing Bubble Gum," with a kiddie chorus behind him and lots of popping gum. Look! A double bubble! (Victor)

BERYL DAVIS: A new set of tonsils imported from England and better than Spode china, Scotch whiskey and rough tweeds! Beryl's the number one canary in Britain, kitten, and proves it with a brace of throaty warm ones—"If My Heart Had a Window," and "I Want to Be Loved." I say, the chick's a bit of all right! (Victor)

TONY PASTOR: Coupla knocked-out, rugged novelties by Tony with French and Western dressing. "Get Up Those Stairs, Mademoiselle," and "Red Silk Stockings and Green Perfume." These sagas jump! (Columbia)

HOT!!!

LENA HORNE: LITTLE GIRL ALBUM. "Little Girl Blue" in her own package, torchy and touching. Lena's unique sultriness is some of the nicest stuff you've ever set ear to. 'Specially fetchin' are "Little Girl Blue" and "Glad to Be Unhappy," which'll wear out lots of needles. Then there's "Whispering," "Old Fashioned Love," "Blue Prelude," "At Long Last Love," "I Don't Want to Cry Anymore," and "More Than You Know." Phil Moore hangs a perfect musical backdrop behind this doll's throat and brings out all the personality and loveliness that is exclusively Lena Horne's. Appealing squealing! (Black and White A 70)

ESQUIRE ALL-AMERICAN HOT JAZZ, (Vol. 2): A flock of A-1 cats make up this latest bundle of Esquire winners. "Rockabye River," the old "Hop, Skip and Jump," by Duke Ellington spots the mellifluous alto of Johnny Hodges and some Cat Anderson trumpet tactics. "Blow Me Down" features Charley Shavers, Teddy Wilson and Harry Carney. Coleman Hawkins paints a beautiful tenor portrait of "Indian Summer." Then there's the bang from the cast of "New Orleans" with Louis Armstrong on "Sugar" with great Vic Dickenson's trombone back of Louis' vocal. The rest of the goodies are "Buckin' the Blues" with John Collins on guitar, "Jivin' With Jarvis," a rebaking of an oldie by Hamp with the King Cole Trio; "Indian Winter," with J. J. Johnson's trombone and a reissue of Benny's "I Cried for You" by the quintet. (Victor)

MARY LOU WILLIAMS PIANO SOLOS: One of the finest jazz pianists of the day and one of the great distaff artists of all time on six hunks of fine grooved wax. "Cloudy," Mary Lou's own, "How High the Moon," the wonderful ballad which lends itself so perfectly to a hot treatment, "Blue Skies," "The Man I Love," "These Foolish Things" and "Lonely Moments," another original, are the nougats 'tween the leaves of this home-cooked album. (Disc)

CHARLIE CHRISTIAN ALBUM: What a reet treat this is for everyone who loves the work of the late young guitar genius, Charley Christian, who did so much great stuff with Benny Goodman. These sides were cut by an ardent jazz fan who happened to have his home recorder with him the nite Charley dropped in at Minton's, a famous Harlem hot spot. Result, a mess of the finest spontaneous jazz ever waxed. There are six sides in the memorial album—3 each on "Stompin' at the Savoy," and "Charley's Choice," a wonderful tribute to a great guitar master, and a collossal break for every collector of improvised jazz. What a loss when Charley Christian passed on! (Vox album)

JOHNNY GUARNIERI: "Nice Work If You Can Get It," "Exactly Like You." Fine rutted clay by Mr. Guarnieri, Mary. Guy's the prototype of the late Fats Waller but can actually imitate anyone's style and he's unaccompanied here. On "Temptation" and "My Gal Sal," Cozy Cole on tubs, Bob Haggart, bass, and Tony Mottola, guitar, back him up. A great keyboard artist. (Majestic)

CHARLEY BARNETT: "Bunny," "Atlantic Jump." Clap hands, here comes Charley! And how that Barnett band comes on! Chop me up and call me suey! Best waffle he's baked in eras. Shades of the Bluebird stuff! Both cheeks pack a mound of sound, the band listens terrifically, s'well recorded and ranks among the finest things he's done. At a time when other bands are content to wallow in mediocrity it's a boot to dig super new stuff like this, Sis. (Appolo)

FATS WALLER: Come and get 'em. Reissues of the great Fats Victor cookies, stuff you had to dream on, coincident with the Fats Waller Memorial Week a while ago. Another great artist whose death was so tragic and untimely. Makes you realize what marvelous things records are! If these are among the missing from your shelves, ooch over to that jive dive molte allegro. "There'll Be Some Changes Made" and "You Stayed Away Too Long," "Everybody Loves My Baby" and "Squeeze Me," "Oooh! Look-a-

There, Ain't She Pretty," and "You're Not the Only Oyster in the Stew," "The Meanest Thing You Ever Did Was Kiss Me," and "I Used to Love You," "S'posin'," and "Darktown Strutter's Ball," "Honeysuckle Rose," "Blue, Turning Grey Over You," "Ain't Misbehavin'" and "Moppin' and Boppin'." (Victor)

BABS THREE BIPS AND A BOP: Two more "gone" sides by the kids of "Oop-Pop-A-Da" fame, establish them as one of the most original and hep in the field and I don't mean left. "Weird Lullaby" spots Babs in a vocal tone-poem—it really lives up to its name—consisting solely of phonetic syllables sung to a hauntingly beautiful melody. Great with the lights off and good for many helpings! Back, "Dob-Bla-Bli"—unloads another helping of intricate be-bop yelping with whizzy Tad Dameron piano, Pee Wee Tinney guitar and Art Phipps, bass. Gone, man! (Blue Note)

IKE QUEBEC: Yummy! More of that flowing, lush Ike Quebec tenor sax on "Someone to Watch Over Me." Shad Collins is on trumpet, Keg Johnson, trombone, Roger Ramirez, piano, John Collins, guitar, Milton Hinton, bass and J. C. Heard (but not seen), drums. Reverse, "Zig-Billion," an original jump by Ike knocks off some killing melodic hits and runs with good dolos by all. Look out! (Blue Note)

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY!

What's on that cranium, geranium? Anything about music or who makes it? Well, talk to me. Knock me some mail and we'll try and answer, hey. Don't be bashful, what do you think those men in gray are for? Here's what I'm talkin' about!

Dear Fred:

What's doin' with Mel Torme? What happened to his vocal group, the Mel-Tones? And shoot me some personal info about Mel.

Marion Stoller,
Rochester, New York

Dear Marion:

Mel Torme, the "Velvet Fog," formerly headed a fine vocal group known as the Mel-Tones, but broke it up to go on his ownsy. He's overloaded with talent and is a wonderful guy! Mel started in show business at the ripe age of 4, was drummer with Chico Marx' band at 16 and at that time wrote "Lament to Love," a beautiful thing. He and his partner, Bob Wells, wrote the now famous "Christmas Song," which gives you a rough idea of Mel's talents. He recently completed a sensational début engagement at New York's Copacabana and will soon be seen in MGM's Technicolor picture, "Good News," with June Allyson and Peter Lawford. He's going to be one of the greatest singers and songwriters of our day and with his partner a future Rogers and Hammerstein. (The picture with yours truly was made when Mel appeared on the 1280 Club recently. Cute, huh?)

Sincerely, F. R.

Pulp from Vandergrift, Pa.:

Dear Fred:

I work in a record shop and we sell Frankie Laine's records like hotcakes! I think he is just swell. Shoot me some dirt about him.

Gratefully,
Clara Lippolis

Dear Clara:

Mr. Laine sure does relieve any pain, doesn't he? He's been around quite a while but got his break only recently. Frankie Laine was born in Chicago on March 30, 1913, and started singing as an altar boy. He first sang popular songs with Joe Jayser's band at the Merry Garden Ballroom in Chicago when his friends pushed him toward the bandstand. In that band were David Rose, Gene Krupa and Muggsy Spanier. He kicked around for a long time until just last year when his luck changed and he was given a vocal spot at Billy Berg's in Hollywood. The chatter started, then came a Mercury recording contract and a big hit, "That's My Desire," and another star was made. Frankie worked mighty hard and deserves the best and more! Shows you success doesn't come easily to anyone!

Sincerely, F. R.

And some linen from Jackson Heights, Long Island:

Dear Fred:

Your stuff in the July SCREENLAND was most interesting. Being one of the faithful members of your 1280 Club, I dug your record reviews sans any trouble. My family and I are having a big argument over the question of commercial music. Can you give a brief summary of just what it is? Thank you.

Sincerely,
Terry McCarten

Dear Terry:

Commercial music is designed for mass appeal. Appreciation of it requires no particular thought or taste. In presenting commercial tunes, the tried and true formulas are used to capture the listener's interest—in other words, the *sure thing.*

This is not to say that there are no good commercial ballads. An example of good commercial stuff is "Night and Day," "Man I Love," "Stormy Weather," etc. For the most part, the largest hunk of commercial music is trite and lives a short life—the good material weathers the storm of years and becomes what is know as standards.

Sincerely, F. R.

What's bothering you, Sue? Hit me with that letter and we'll try and relieve your miseries. Just knock that missile to F. R. care of SCREENLAND, and don't spare the questions. Be diggin' you on the Columbia Record Shop, the Teen-timer's Club, and right in these leaves one set of thirties from now. (October) Take it slow!

EDITOR'S NOTE

Here's your chance, fans, to have your questions anent the music world, the hot or heavenly tunesmiths answered by your favorite disk jockey, right here in your favorite magazine, SCREENLAND, too.

Just address Fred Robbins, c/o SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York.



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Memo to John Garfield

Continued from page 22

why, as actor-producer of "Body and Soul," you do not get, because you did not take, the producing credit.

Asked the "why" of this omission, you said, "I have a funny feeling about that. I believe that as long as you're an actor you should let well enough alone. As an actor in, as well as a producer of, 'Body and Soul' billing as an actor is, I figure, enough and also—well, a little more modest, don't you think? Besides, my feeling is that a picture is not, ever, an individual effort. But is, always, a co-operative effort. Its success depends, not on one man or woman, but on all the men and women, from props to producer, connected with the making of the film.

"In other words, I don't believe you are the boss just because you are the producer. That boss-angle—I think that's a dangerous thing. It's presuming you are the Genius. It's playing the dictator. I'm not a genius. Maybe some men are, not me. I can't play dictator. Maybe some men can, not me. As a producer, you must be qualified to make decisions, or *help* make them, so what you do is sit down with people, with all the people involved, hash it out, kick it around—the way we worked on 'Body and Soul.' Anyway I, as a producer, had a vote, but," you grinned, "I will say I often got voted down!"

You've always been afraid of the "boss angle," John. You still are. You used to be afraid of Hollywood. You were afraid —"I still am"—of big money. You say, "I don't think you can take it without losing something. Something I don't want to lose."

When, fresh out of the New York theater, you were making your first pictures in Hollywood: "Four Daughters," "They Made Me A Criminal," "Juarez," etc.—you were very serious about the whole thing. "Between takes on the set," you kidded yourself, reminiscently, "there were no gin rummy games for me. I used to rehearse all the time! When I got too arty for my good, or her comfort, at home, my wife's favorite squelch was, 'You're talking like a Group actor!' "

No longer above a game of gin rummy on the set, you still take your job seriously, very seriously. You still believe that Hollywood is a place where an actor has to watch his step—"Or he'll trade his birthright for a mess of pottage." To you, an actor's birthright is his integrity. His clean, hard ambition to do fine things. Honest things. And the "mess of pottage" to which you refer is made of "fat salaries, fine cars, a luxurious home, swimming pools, lush parties, furs, jewels, custom-made suits and loss of perspective."

"If I can't make, and act, in pictures I believe in making, say lines I can believe in, I'm leaving pictures," you say. "Or, if ever I feel success is going to my head, I'll leave, too. I'm human and I may succumb. Maybe I'm not big enough to keep my perspective. If not—"

You seem to be hanging on to it, John. You've never bought a house in Hollywood. You rent one, comfortable but modest. Your car: "It gets me around," you say. Your one extravagance is books. The blurb, smacking of press-agentry, that you built bookshelves in your bathroom, is a fact. Your idea of a good time is to get dressed in old clothes and, with Robbie, your wife, go down to Chinatown and "Eat all the Chinese foods." Or you go to the beach "With the wife and kids—daughter Julie, son David—fry hot dogs and, in the name of fun, eat 'em with sand." You stay away from giving or going to big parties because "One of my fears is of meeting new people. I can't make small talk, so never know what to say to strangers."

Your earliest memory is of making a bet with some neighborhood kid that you could run around Bronx Park five times without stopping. You made it once then, winded, not again. You believe that this failure, at the age of eight or ten, is at the root of the inferiority complex from which you suffered "Like a raging toothache."

And, although in somewhat lesser degree, still suffer. Asked today whether you have an inferiority your answer is a fervent "Boy, *have* I!" You add, "One of the reasons I became an actor, I wanted to show I didn't have it, so I got up and stood on my head!"

You have, of course, no personal vanity whatsoever. You often remark how much easier it would have been for you to get a start on stage or screen "If I'd been good-looking." It is true that you are not good-looking in the category of, say, Cornel Wilde, Richard Greene, Tyrone Power; but in the school of, say, Spencer Tracy, Jimmy Cagney your olive skin, dark brown eyes and the smile that warms your face like the sun is on it is the kind of good looks that, on a man, looks good!

A realist as ever was, and rugged, when you were making "Body and Soul" you stuck out—not a double's chin, no pun intended, but your own and took it *on* the chin with, literally, a boom! You were "mixing it" with former welterweight title contender Art Dorrell when you receipted for the unscripted knockout punch. Which same you asked for since, just before the cameras started turning for a closeup of the action, you told Dorrell (I was on the set, I heard you) "Let's really mix it this time!"

During the melee that followed Dorrell connected with the well-known "hard right to the jaw." Your head jerked back, struck against the camera boom that was hanging over the set in order to get a close closeup of the punches, and when you hit the floor you were unconscious. You regained consciousness immediately but when the doctor got there, he found it necessary to take six stitches in your head. You were sent home. The next day, you were back at work again—not in the fight sequences but, until you could put on the gloves again, making love to one of your leading ladies, new discovery Hazel Brooks.

You prefer city life to life in the country. "I'll go back to the land," you say, "when I am an old man. City life is more exciting to me than country life,

more stirring to the imagination. I like to go to museums. I'm really a museum-goer. I like to walk the city's streets, late at night. I like to ride in the subways, on the 'El,' on the few remaining trolley cars, on busses."

In the early days, in New York, when you were worried about getting a certain part in a play, you formed the habit of walking under the Third Avenue El, talking to yourself. "Whenever I did this, I got the part I wanted. If they tear down the Third Avenue El," you added, grinning, "I'm dead—can't ever do a New York play again." And "If someone waved a good play at me, I'd do it," you say, "but—got to be *good*."

You believe in failure. You believe that failure is not only an educational, but (and this is an unique point of view) an exciting experience. You said, "A few years ago, I left Hollywood for a time, came back to Broadway and did a play called 'Heavenly Express.' I believed in it. I sacrificed a lot to do it. It didn't come off. But I not only learned more from that failure than from half a dozen pictures tagged box-office, it was also a much more vivid experience than success. Like pain, perhaps, which slugs the emotions harder than absence of pain."

As a producer, you want to do things that are "Different, exciting, challenging." You want to make pictures that "Cut in to the political, social or economic life of the people." You admit, "I may fail. But if I do, I'll fail *my own way*, which is in its own way exciting."

One of your reasons for wanting to produce is "I want to break the theory that actors don't know anything about scripts. Still wet behind the ears as a producer, as an actor, I do know that any decent, good, intelligent movie has *got* to have a point of view. England has been highly praised for turning out intelligent, adult pictures whereas Hollywood has been severely censured for turning out junk. I don't think the criticism is a valid one because, in defense of Hollywood, we have censorship problems England doesn't have. I'm not speaking of the license to do sexy stuff. I'm speaking of the license to present adult ideas and viewpoints, which we lack and which means in turn that many of our pictures lack intelligent content. We *can't* go on turning out, even in Technicolor!, the poor-girl-marries-rich-guy junket. We must also, borrowing another leaf from England's laurels, dispense in great part with this thing called 'Hollywood glamor.' If, for example, we'd done 'Brief Encounter' here chances are one thousand to one some very beautiful woman would have played the part Celia Johnson played—and played *plain* and played it," you said, with feeling, "GREAT!"

"'Best Years Of Our Lives,'" you said, "has a point of view. 'Lost Weekend' had a point of view. So, I hope, does 'Body and Soul,' the story of a great sport which can sometimes, alas, be bought-and-sold. There's nothing glamorous about our picture. Everything's very simple and honest and hard-hitting with what, we hope, is a real New Yorkese quality.

"Making honest, adult pictures, it's a matter," you said, "of what you're willing to settle for—Willie Wyler, who directed 'Best Years,' is not willing to settle for second-rate stuff. Sam Goldwyn, who produced 'Best Years,' he won't compromise. When he makes pictures, he tries his very best—and so," you added, quietly, "do I."

You're sentimental, John, admittedly so, especially about 'first' things. The first time you met your wife, when you were both teen-agers. Your first wedding anniversary. Your first part, that of *Mickey Borden* in your first picture, "Four Daughters"—which, because it was your first picture, is still your favorite.

"I have a very hard exterior," you say, "but my friends, who know me well, know it for what it is—a thin shell. I'm not sentimental about keeping old love letters, souvenirs. I don't," you grinned, "send valentines, or write poetry. But old *memories*—things, and people, that belong to my childhood—well, for instance, a guy I went to school with turned out to be a very bad guy. Lazy. A bum. The glib talker, smoothie type of bum. I helped him. After awhile, he got worse. I went on helping him. I knew I was doing wrong since, by helping, I was actually hurting him. A realist would have said, 'Look, brother, you're on your own!' A sentimentalist would do just what I, acting from emotion, did and do."

You consider yourself lazy. "I always feel, I'm nagged by the feeling that I should be doing, *could* be doing, more than I do."

You read in bed, half the nights through. "It's a terrible habit," you say, "very bad for the shut-eye."

If you were not an actor "I think I'd be a painter," you say, "I paint badly, but I love it."

You admire Edward G. Robinson enormously for his knowledge of painting, his love of painting. You love him for his kindness to you and to Robbie when your little Katharine, your first baby, died. "Fifteen minutes after Eddie heard about it," you said, "he was at the house."

Your marriage is happy, contenting, interesting. Probably because—"Marriage, I feel, is a growing thing. If you grow with it, compensate for the faults, enjoy and appreciate the good things, it *is* good." You added, "My wife is a very interesting gal. We've been married about fourteen years and she can still surprise me, with a something-new-every-day routine that never stales."

You are glad you did it the hard way. "Very glad and very grateful." Your advice to youngsters who want to be actors is, "Go to New York, get a job as a scene-shifter, prop man, any kind of a job that will give you the smell and feel of the theater. Get involved. Know how it's done. It's going to be tough but, if you hit, it's going to be stable for the rest of the way." Like you are, John, and strong.

If I had to describe you in four words, I believe I'd take the words you used about your infant son, David, right out of your mouth. "What do want your boy to be when he grows up?" you were asked. You said, "*A decent human being.*"

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The Best Years of Her Life Right Now!

Continued from page 41

eighteen-hour days on duty with an ever-increasing capability. She slipped into a constant round of decisions that had to be correct, into a routine opposite to any she'd ever experienced.

"I'd always supposed any strict routine was not for me," she now says. "I was the shy, studious, 'arty' type as I grew up—and kept on habitually making a mountain out of mixing with strangers in Hollywood. I learned from my Red Cross work (she deliberately avoided all personal publicity while with the Red Cross) that I'd not only deceived myself, but that Hollywood had pampered me. Whenever I'd visited New York the studio had met me with a flanking bodyguard of three to seven men. Everything I did had to be a production I fancied, because the studio said so. Do you know what that had done to me? It had multiplied my self-consciousness so I was even afraid to stop and look at people. The Red Cross job broke down the barrier Hollywood puts around us out here, unless we get away for a perspective.

"You should have seen me enjoying my transformation," Myrna laughs. "I had to take whatever train seat I could fortunately get, sandwich into jammed coaches, be sidetracked by troop trains. When I'd come carrying my own luggage through Grand Central Station, after long conferences at hospitals, I was no longer worrying whether my Hollywood front was showing 'properly.' I was exhilarated at accomplishing worthwhile things. Eating at counters on my many trips was more stimulating than dining by myself in solitary and lonely style. I was thrown with every type of personality, from bankers to truck drivers, both in and out of uniform—and seeing their problems made me realize what I am, and what I want. I wasn't the helpless, hemmed-in kind any more. I got my new slant on life."

Myrna began the hospital entertainment just when the wounded were first pouring back across the Atlantic from Africa. The extra touch she added to her duties were the long hours she spent in the hospital wards herself. "Talking to men who were under great stress was all new to me. They seemed to know me, called me Myrna casually, and I felt that was a genuine compliment. They said I reminded them of someone from the house on the next street at home. I liked that. I approached them with humility; it would have been impossible to have felt any self-importance. A movie star was all right—their attitude showed; but what concerned them were their own vital problems. They wanted to talk about their wives, and sweethearts, and how to readjust to the awful realities they'd discovered."

Putting in so many extra hours with the blinded, with the fantastically brave plastic surgery cases, in the psychoneurotic wards, Myrna not only brought much to the wounded and ill with her gentle charm and responsive interest, but she contributed definitely by thinking through their problems with them. "So many of our American men had been brought up to expect the impossible in life. Futile perfectionism can be so insidiously defeating. Many who went to war had no idea of realities, and then were plunged into war, the worst form of reality."

She observed how everyone arrives sometime at discouragements which only blind faith in a better future can lick. She saw so many examples of the limitations that people unwittingly handicap themselves with that her own personal hopes were clarified. She had to take time out to fulfill the agreement whereby she could stay off the screen, so after three years' absence from MGM she returned temporarily to Hollywood to make another "Thin Man" picture.

She couldn't have been more surprised when that led to falling in love with the right man for her, at last. While she was making that film Gene Markey, the tall Dartmouth man who had been newspaperman, novelist, playwright, scenarist, and producer at 20th Century-Fox, returned to the States. He'd left his producing berth for Navy duty in September of 1941. He had an eight-day leave and the Herbert Marshalls insisted he come to dinner on his first evening. "Minnie's in town!" they told him. Myrna was glad to be a guest, too. "I was never so glad to see anyone in my whole life!" she exclaims, remembering. "I'd always thought of Gene as a special person, and I hadn't seen him since we'd both left Hollywood three years previously." They'd met when he first came into pictures. "She never opened her mouth when we first met," Gene chuckles. "Now she admits she thought me a city slicker then!"

She'd sent him an immense package of food and knick-nacks which never reached him. Torpedoed en route. His Navy combat record is illustrious indeed When he was eventually mustered out ("Moss Rose" is the first film he's produced since resuming at 20th) he held the high Navy flag rank of Commodore, and aside from numerous campaign ribbons had been awarded three major decorations. In the Pacific he was on Admiral Halsey's staff. Later, for Mediterranean duty, his headquarters were in Cairo and Alexandria, Egypt. He established the American Naval Intelligence in India, Burma, and China. He'd been ordered to Washington, D.C., to be Special Assistant to the Secretary of the Navy, and was on his way, when he met Myrna at the Marshalls that first night on leave.

"Don't think that platonic friendship can't be," he asserts. He and Myrna had gradually become the finest of friends as they'd made their respective climbs in Hollywood. "Don't think good friends can't, surprisingly, fall in love. *We* know they can!" It wasn't until seeing Myrna after both had been away from Hollywood for three years, and both had been

immersed in living with true unselfishness, that he amazedly looked at her and declared to himself, "This *is* Something!"

She suspected it a bit more slowly. She returned enthusiastically to the Red Cross in New York, never mentioning the half-million dollars she would have earned in pictures had she never taken her leave. The Army and Navy hospitals in Washington, D.C., were part of her job. It seemed grand seeing Gene briefly for dinners before catching her train back to New York. He proudly introduced her to some of his associates. "I've watched her being accepted," he says, "by men who don't bother with actresses. Men who are coldly intellectual in their approach to everything are drawn to her as surely as those attracted by her charm and humor. She has that *other* dimension. Less interested in herself than any woman I've ever known, she has the objective viewpoint on things."

Secretary of the Navy James V. Forrestal and Fleet Admiral William F. Halsey are among the non-theatrically inclined who thoroughly admired the new, cosmopolitan, aware self Myrna had acquired by the time 1945 rolled around and she was in Washington on Red Cross duties. "Myrna has a very logical mind," Gene explains. "She's incredibly logical, and how grateful I am for that! Men so seldom find this trait in a woman. She's not read one book of fiction since I've known her; she reads much, but always facts to add to her knowledge. Her curious serenity comes from away inside her, from a quiet figuring out long in advance."

And it does. When the Red Cross work was finished Myrna unostentatiously returned to Hollywood. She wasn't the same as when she went away. But she didn't publicize the fact. Actions count more than mere words, she reiterates. She sought no publicity at all, to be precise. She'd thought her future through, knew the standards of quality she wanted to maintain. "I'd grown up fast on the outside. I matured slowly on the inside. But I finally grew up emotionally. I want to go on acting in pictures indefinitely. I've had no regrets because of the career I chose. It led me to a full life. But from now on I want to free-lance, so I can do two excellent films a year—of my own selection." MGM agreed to release her provided she did a final "Thin Man" for them, and "Song of the Thin Man," which she's winding up now, is the last comedy-mystery in that celebrated series.

She discussed "The Best Years of Our Lives," which she enjoyed making tremendously, with Sam Goldwyn a long time before she accepted his bid. Myrna didn't rush into her marriage with Gene, either. She wanted to be certain.

"His outstanding characteristics to me are his true understanding and tolerance of human nature, his fondness for people, and his great spirit of gaiety. Admiral Halsey told me that in the roughest times in the Pacific, when all was going at sixes and sevens, there was a wonderful lift wherever Gene was. We have this in common—we both *want* to be liked by our fellow-men. It's an additional link in that we both believe in the vast possibilities of the screen, and want to contribute to Hollywood's best output."

Their wedding was a Navy one, in the chapel at the San Pedro base in Los Angeles harbor. As she drove there Myrna was thinking of the many hours she'd spent making coffee and serving it at the sailors' canteens there when the war broke out. She was reminiscing so happily she didn't even bother about the slow freight train that held her up—until she realized she was late and was keeping not only Gene, but their best man—Admiral Halsey—waiting!

They couldn't get away for a honeymoon. Gene reported for work at 20th the minute he got out of uniform and he's not had a day off in the more-than-a-year since. Myrna owns a mountain lodge at mile-high Lake Arrowhead, a chalet with a huge fireplace as a centerpiece and a tobaggan slide outside. They hope to get up there before another year has passed. The Maharaja of Jaipur expected Gene to visit him in India this spring, to hunt tigers; Gene's an expert shot and he can't wait to show India to Myrna. "You ought to know it," he says. "She wants to see even a tiger-hunt!"

Myrna served fruit cake and tea from a beautiful silver tea set when we talked at the Markey residence. Titian-haired, blue-green-eyed, she's so graceful she seems taller than her five feet five. Her taste in homes is changed, too. She grew up in a typical friendly, middle-class American household where the gang could roll up the rugs and dance, or pile into the kitchen to make candy. Her mother always encouraged her to invite her friends to their home. They'd moved, along with her younger brother, from the Montana ranch where she was born to Beverly Hills when her father died. She was thirteen then. With success in films she sampled renting a modernistic house of striking design, set on different hillside levels and with a swimming pool directly outside her bedroom. It was too extreme. Later she owned a rambling California Spanish farmhouse.

"Before I reached the real me I had to have a butler. He had a passion for joining the dinner conversation when serving, and I had to seem poised when he'd blithely correct a guest's statements—! I dubbed him in as a chauffeur. He was Viennese, had been in the old Emperor's corps. So he drove down Wilshire Boulevard as though he were charging down the Ringstrasse, and scared me in the back seat as much as he did Los Angeles drivers! He was a joke on me, all right. I progressed to a butler who'd been a ship's steward for ten years. In place of continental tid-bits, I picked up nautical ones.

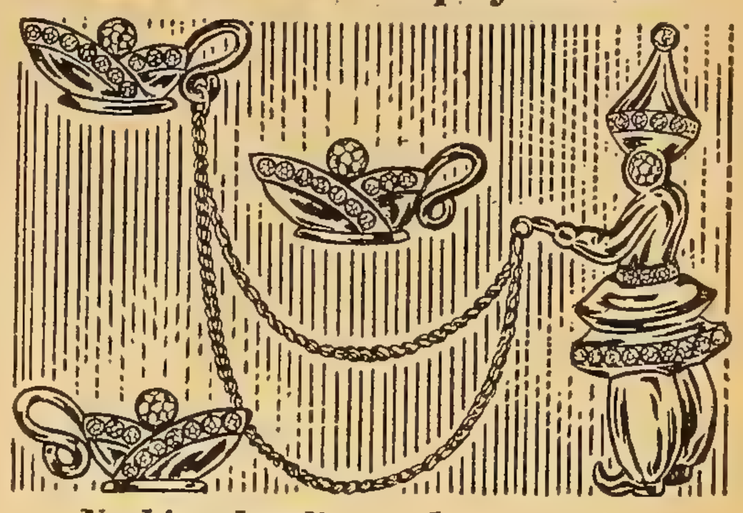
"It's so much nicer living as Gene and I do now," she goes on candidly. They have a red Connecticut salt box house on a quiet, tree-shaded lane near the Will Rogers Ranch. Her MGM biography omits mention of "The Connecticut Yankee," the picture she did with the beloved Will, but she's never forgotten it because of him. She hands out no build-up as to how she found the house. "I got a good real-estate agent" sums it up. From the small entrance hall you step into the

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paneled living-room with its inviting fireplace setting a welcome, cherished atmosphere. The wood-pegged floors are largely covered by hooked rugs, a huge one in a solid, off-white shade stretching across the living-room. The furnishings, except for a few comfortable English chairs and a divan, are Early American throughout. With a dining room and a small library (where her secretary works an eight-hour day, Monday through Fridays) and a modern kitchen downstairs, the two bedrooms and baths upstairs complete the house. She employs two Filipinos and a gardener. She does her own driving now, has no personal maid since she returned—her pre-war maid comes over once a week to check on her wardobe.

"When I was a child on the cattle ranch in Montana I wore overalls, hickory shirts, cowgirl boots, and a Stetson hat until I was eight. Except Sundays when we went to church. Since then I've believed in femininity. The conventional kind. I've never 'been seen' in slacks. I don't care for playclothes for myself; I don't pretend to be athletic or domestic. I prefer simple classics to so-called 'high style.' I believe it pays to spend money on one's wardrobe. I like to shop. I now buy some of my clothes in New York, instead of Hollywood, and Castillo is my favorite designer there. He does superbly flowing things, gets away from straight up-and-down lines. Line is the most important thing in clothes to me.

"For daytime I choose cottons for summer and wools for winter. For evening I want soft, drapable fabrics—crepes, chiffons, and sheer silks. As I like change I never have just one color predominating, and every year I search for new colors to try. I'm not systematic in my shopping. Heavens, no!" she smiles, "I just add and replace as things wear out. I don't try to influence a designer, either. Why try to lead an expert? I'm mad about mad hats, buy most of mine from John-Frederics. When I wear jewelry, and usually small earrings are enough, I prefer sapphires and lacy, delicate antique patterns. I hope to own a silver blue mink coat someday."

She's not only become easily articulate, but it's obvious she has acquired wisdom of many sorts. Myrna has had such high-powered screen lovers as Clark Gable, Tyrone Power, and Spencer Tracy, besides Cary Grant. Ask her who she'd like to play opposite in the future and she doesn't gush, in traditional Hollywood manner, James Mason or Cornel Wilde. Tactfulness is her talent, and she declines to name any preferences. Nor will she go into a long space-getting rigamarole about whether actors are different from other men. Her ability to get along with actors has enabled her to have a lasting screen success, but so has her hunch that a woman doesn't have to tell all she knows. She doesn't rattle on nor does she rave. Her compliments are discriminating and her tastes are so varied she appreciates the finest in every category.

Perhaps she inherits a certain mischievous tendency from her mother, who once overheard two women debating furiously as to whether there was Oriental blood in Myrna Loy. (When she started in films they stunned her by applying an exotic makeup and featuring her as a slinky adventuress.) Her mother got such a kick out of the argument she never set them right! "My first name is honestly my own," Myrna vows. "My father was taking some cattle from Montana to Chicago, saw a ramshackle little station on the prairie named Myrna, and liked the sound of it. My last name was Williams, and was changed to Loy for me when I was given my picture chance. You can guess my jolt when I first had my name in the Los Angeles telephone directory. I was listed right after a Chinese laundry!"

Fairness is her fetish, her definite action for democracy, in which, as a descendant of pioneering Americans, she believes firmly. The better informed she's become, the more eager she is to avoid exaggeration and misinformation, even about herself. Her adolescent zeal for painting and sculptoring, pounded by publicists, is dismissed by her with a frank "I wasn't very good at either, really. David, my brother, was so much better. I'm glad he's gone into industrial design." She doesn't assert, as you usually hear from feminine stars, that Gene and she leave studio talk when they come home; that trite remark is not for Myrna. "Gene and I talk shop at home, of course," she says with naturalness. When 20th Century-Fox paid $225,000 for the rights to Joseph Shearing's book "Moss Rose," and assigned production of it to Gene, she wanted to hear every pertinent detail. Gene would like to hire her as the star of a Markey production someday. Her decision to free-lance, so she can choose her rôles, instead of remaining at MGM, may make that possible.

She never invites more than six friends at one time to dine at their home. They had a quiet, comfortable dinner party to celebrate their first wedding anniversary recently. Now she knows as many people outside the movies as in them—lawyers, doctors, engineers—to give you a brief notion. And she's one movie star who doesn't publicize her guests' names. "They come to our house because they like us; if there were publicity about them they might stop coming!"

Her estimation of Hollywood as a headquarters has zoomed. Travel has been her hobby (she got to Europe a couple of times pre-war). "Today everyone comes through Hollywood. We always have someone coming to town. It's very exciting!"

"But Myrna's intense interest," her husband points out, "is in whatever pertains to peace and opportunity. The success of the United Nations is of consuming interest to her. Since she's learned Hollywood wasn't the world she recognizes Americans can't be isolated. She is an active citizen, and I like that! She had to go East once this past year, for a charity première of a film. She begged for one whole day free for herself, and spent it watching the United Nations in session."

Myrna picked up the conversation there. "The round table around which the representatives of each country sat impressed me as so symbolical—and

practical. There was no precedence, for each nation is treated alphabetically. Behind each delegate is his own land's flag. Three new countries were joining and their flags stood in the center until they could fit the circle. Have you read E. B. White's book, 'The Wild Flag'? I think it's penetrating. There is so much yet to be done to bring about real peace. After the horrible devastation of this last war, what *can* be more important?"

She never thought of even visiting New York until after she scored in her first "Thin Man" picture. Her mother, long president of the Culver City Women's Club, used to urge Myrna to get out and mix more. "How can I miss what means nothing to me?" Myrna used to reply. She's waked up since. The self she once dreamed she was, self-limited through lack of experience and shyness, has been replaced by the thoroughly aware woman she's become. Her warmth is unshuttered. Whether giving of herself, in her Red Cross years, or finding Gene, is the chief explanation—I leave to you. She wanted to talk next about the psychiatric clinic she's helping to start in Los Angeles. "There's such a vital need for that kind of thing!" Hers is the enthusiasm born from closeness to her fellow-men, from living fully at last.

Bing by Dixie Lee Crosby

Continued from page 21

conceive. I remember when he was making a picture called "Too Much Harmony." He was playing a young business man and in one scene he showed up for work wearing two-tone sport shoes that would have looked better on the golf course. Eddie Sutherland, the director, objected. They weren't what a business man would wear to work. "Oh, they're all right," Bing assured him easily. "Just what *I'd* wear in private life."

Eddie took small comfort from Bing's assurance and held out for a monotone. Things reached an impasse. Bing left the set and retired to his dressing room to sulk. After about half an hour when nothing happened and production costs mounted, Eddie sent the assistant director over to tell Bing they were ready and waiting. "Tell him to get set," Bing advised the assistant, "I'll be there."

Minutes passed, and Eddie saw no sign of Bing. "Where's that Crosby?" he yelled. "Here," answered Bing, from behind some flats. "Start the action and I'll be in on cue." They started the action and right on cue Bing appeared —wearing a pair of hip boots rolled down to his knees. As soon as he'd had his laugh he was willing to play ball. He changed into a pair of brown brogues that Mr. Sutherland was permitted to select personally and the picture progressed.

There was another occasion at Paramount that few old timers there will forget. Josef Von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich were the hot shots on the lot. Every day a table (the same table) was reserved for the pair and their entourage in the commissary Bing ate wherever he could find an unoccupied table.

One day his company broke early for lunch and he wandered into the practically deserted restaurant. An evil gleam lit his eyes as he spied Mr. Von Sternberg's table. He hurriedly invited a few friends to lunch and seated himself there. The waitress bustled up. "Mr. Crosby," she apologized, "this is Mr. Von Sternberg's table. Would you mind taking this one?" (indicating the one next to it.) "I'd mind very much," replied Mr. Crosby. "I have guests, we're all comfortable, and we haven't much time. I'm sure Mr. Von Sternberg will be just as happy at that other table."

The waitress pulled herself together with a visible effort and summoned the head waitress, explaining the situation. "Mr. Crosby," the H. W. besought him, "Mr. Von Sternberg left orders to reserve this particular table for him every day. I can't serve you here. You'll have to move."

"Okay," said Bing nonchalantly, "I'll just sit here until I *am* served. If I'm late getting back to the set and the front office calls me in I'll just tell them I was late because I couldn't get served in the commissary."

He was served forthwith and when Mr. Von Sternberg appeared the H. W. tearfully explained what had happened. The Great Man sat at the other table and it is a tribute to Bing's nonchalance that despite the glares of the other he digested his lunch as easily as if he'd eaten it in his own home.

"What made you act like that?" I inquired curiously when he told me about it. "Oh," he replied carelessly, "just wanted to see if I was as big a shot around the studio as people tell me I am."

He is still like that. He is stubborn as a mule but if you can give him a laugh or manage to kid him, he's like a small kid. When he's had his way, he'll do anything anyone asks him to.

Of course, when we were first married Bing wasn't a father. Time has remedied *that* detail and fatherhood has probably changed him somewhat. He is wonderful with the children. He plays with them far better than I and is far more tolerant and understanding. But they can go just so far. When he speaks to them he expects obedience—and gets it.

Once when Gary and the twins were quite young the nurse could not get Gary up one morning. "Breakfast in bed," Gary demanded firmly. "I didn't sleep well last night."

Unable to get him up and at her wits' ends, the nurse called Bing. When Gary openly defied him, Bing applied a little oil of palm and left. "I guess you'll get up now," the nurse gloated.

"I don't know whether I will or not," Gary muttered.

"Mr. Cros-by," the nurse called.

Gary was dressed before Bing could get back to the room.

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cently something displeased Lynn, our youngest. "I'll be—," he whispered to himself.

Georgia, our major domo, who runs the house and the kids, heard him in horror. This was something too big for her to deal with. She dropped everything and flew in search of Bing, telling him the sort of language Lynn was using. Bing strode into the nursery, on action bent. "Did you say what Georgia said you did?" he demanded.

"Yes!" yelled Lynn, who must have a trace of George Washington in him—on one side or the other. End of chapter on "How to Raise Children."

Recently when I was on our ranch in Nevada I wrote Bing a letter for the first time in about four years (we usually wire or phone as I am a notoriously poor correspondent). Back came a reply on *Bob Hope's* stationery! The P.S. was a classic: "I have shown your letter to a number of people and have had several offers from art dealers for the manuscript. I think, however, I can get more for it at auction!"

Stars and, in fact, any celebrities or big shots leave him cold as a rule. But the run of the mill people—people like you and I—fascinate him. He will talk to them by the hour if they have any personality or sense of humor.

He has always had an intense love of horses. When we were first married his equestrianship was sketchy, to put it charitably. Before he went in for race horses, if we were on tour and I wanted to go riding he was all for it. But when we got to the stables he would hoist his weight atop some nag, ride the horse around the ring a couple of times and develop some ailment that necessitated his immediate return to the hotel and a masseur.

When he went in for race horses he would mount some broken-down horse that couldn't have run a furlong to escape the glue factory and proudly lead his racers to the track for their workout.

With the acquisition of our Nevada ranch all is changed. He has taken up riding in earnest and has become a beautiful horseman. He goes out by himself and rides all over the place for miles around to meet people and mooch breakfast. Invariably while communing with nature, he gets himself lost and shows up for dinner around 8:30. But he's very proud because he gets back without having a searching party sent out for him.

Heretofore I have made only brief and hurried trips to the ranch. On this last visit I stayed a month and I believe he wrote John Eacret, a friend of ours who manages the ranch, to try to make a convert of me. There is little time or place for niceties or formalities on a ranch but Johnny, determined to leave no stone unturned, told the ranch hands they would have to put on clean shirts for dinner. Unfortunately, he neglected to say anything about washing so, punctiliously every day, the boys would show up with clean shirts, their hair showing evidence of a comb having hastily run through it, but with their hands and wrists looking like our sons' ears used to before Georgia came to live with us!

Anniversaries of any sort used to be a thorn in our collective sides. He invariably forgot them. Once, on my birthday, he was up at the ranch. For a present I received the following wire: "Dear Dixie: So sorry I cannot be with you. It is so cold up here I am frozen."

I was so furious I went out and bought the biggest star sapphire I could find. Then I sent him a wire: "Thanks for your thought of me. When you get the bill for the present you gave me perhaps you will thaw out."

Time has wrought wondrous changes. He never used to give me a Mother's Day present, his excuse being, "You're not *my* mother!"

This year, when I was at the ranch, I spoke to him over the phone the night before. "I have a present for you," he assured me, forestalling any squawk, "but I didn't dare send it—it's too fragile."

"Fine," I thought, smelling a rat. "A box full of air, probably." The next day I went into my room and there were two packages on the bed. "The air!" I exclaimed triumphantly. Opening the larger of the two packages, with a feeling of misgiving, I found two of the most beautiful Copenhagen figurines I have ever seen. One is a crawling baby and the other a baby sitting up. When I had collected myself a little I tackled the other. It was a fancy box with a card Bing had written himself, to wit:

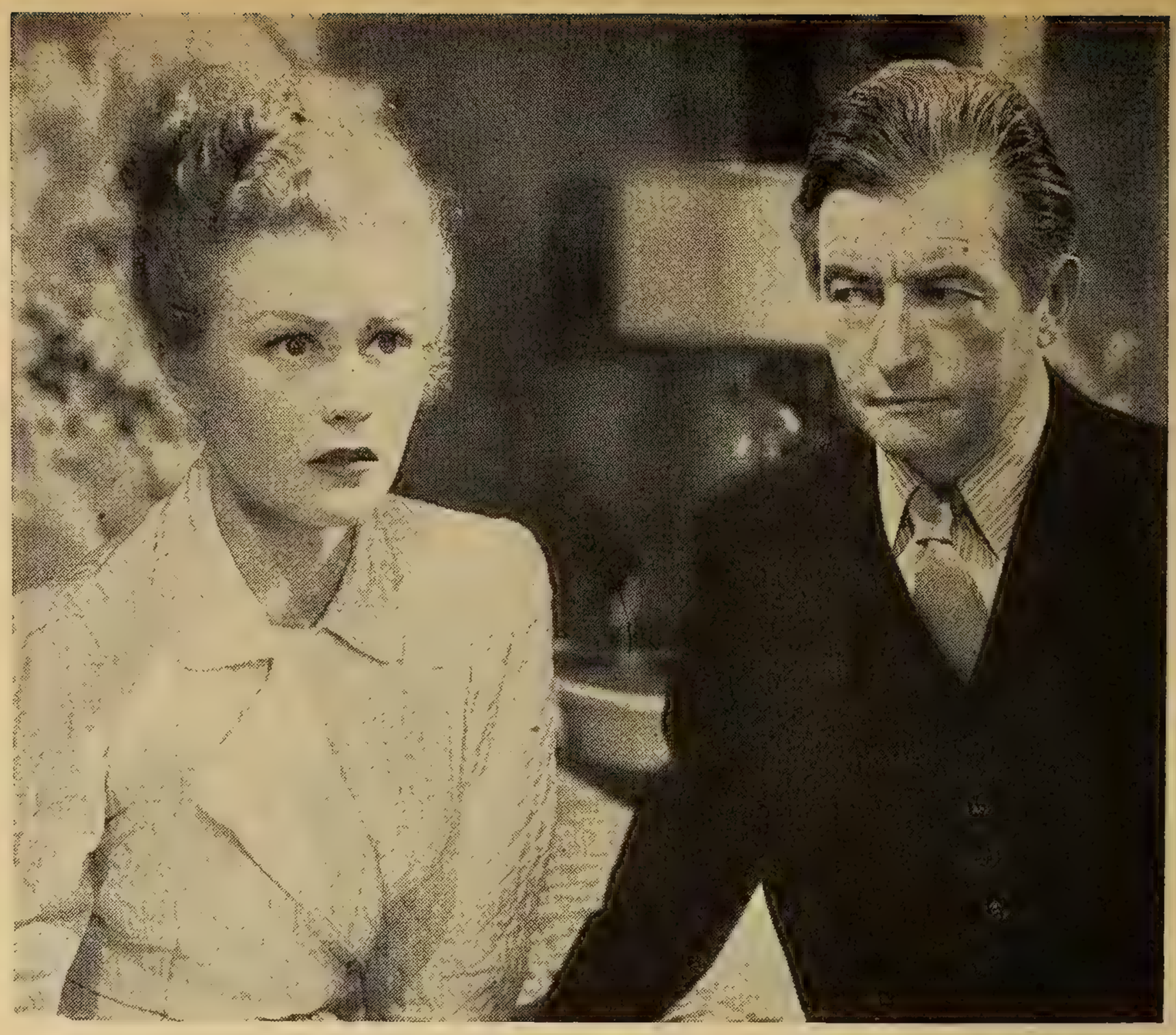
"I tried very hard
To find a nice card,
But nothing seemed quite right.
The only ones there
All seemed so square—
I'll see you later tonight!"

His trip abroad to entertain the armed forces had the most sobering effect on him of anything I've ever known. He has always been a soft touch for anyone with a hard luck story, but those boys, who wanted nothing of him but a few songs, really got under his skin.

We had more squabbles over his war work activities than anything else during our married life. *Nobody* worked any harder that way than Bing but he would never allow one word of publicity to get out about it. *I* could only figure this way: "You're doing what you can without any remuneration of any sort. But everybody else had a note in the paper every time they played a camp. Why shouldn't *you* let the public know what you're doing so they won't think you're laying down on the job—not doing anything. When you know in advance you're going to have a day off, you go to the most distant camp you can reach. If you suddenly get a half day off, you always play some camp nearby. If you have time off between pictures you're off on a tour. Either way, you are always so busy *I* never get to see you. It isn't fair."

His answer invariably was: "The *boys* know I'm doing what I can for them—that's all that matters."

The war, thank heaven, is over but I still see so little of him we practically have to be introduced when we do meet. But what does it matter? He still has the same terrific sense of humor I married him for. He is still as unconcerned over names or prestige as he was then. He may be a little more poised—a little more sure of himself than he was, although I have never associated Bing with an inferiority complex. So, when you get down to fundamentals, after sixteen years of married life, to me he is still "just Bing." What more is there to say?



Joan Caulfield and Claude Rains register emotion for a tense scene in Warner Brothers' new film, "The Unsuspected," under the direction of Michael Curtiz.

Claude Rains Out of Character

Continued from page 49

he walked away with the honors. And this is taking nothing away from those accomplished stars with whom he appeared, and who were the first to doff their chapeaux. "Deception," for instance, was the fourth picture he had made with Bette Davis, at her request. In spite of his involuntary grand larceny in that picture, they are the best of friends, and it's a safe bet that this will not be their last appearance together.

When it comes to portraying romance with finesse, many of our younger glamor boys could profitably take a leaf out of Mr. Rains' book. One young lady expressed her opinion in a letter to Warner Brothers by asking, "Why on earth would Vivien Leigh be interested in Mark Antony when she could have had Claude Rains?" And you remember his rôle of the Nazi agent in "Notorious" which won him an Academy award nomination—that unforgettable interpretation of a man up to his ears in nefarious schemes who nevertheless extracted a guilty sympathy from you, because his love for Ingrid Bergman, expressed with the tenderness and consideration that every woman dreams of inspiring, was being betrayed.

Without indulging in any of the conventional demonstrations of love, he can portray, by a look, a tone, a gesture, any of its nuances from shy adoration to smouldering passion, with greater effect than is ever produced by kisses or clinches. That's a pretty neat trick, but Mr. Rains sees nothing remarkable about it.

To begin with, he thinks the idea that romance is the exclusive privilege of the very young is a slightly silly one. With the tongue-in-cheek smile of a man who knows what he is about to say will cause at least a tempest in a teapot, he commented casually, "A man can't possibly know the first thing about romance until he has had twenty years' experience with it. Mind you, I have no quarrel with young love. I admit its juvenile appeal and bow to it. Youth is beautiful and exciting, but so unsatisfactory. I still say that until a man is at least forty, he is unqualified to become a great lover, either on or off screen."

He paused thoughtfully, then went on in a more serious vein: "I'm well over forty, and I have had a full life. I have been kicked around an awful lot—professionally and emotionally. I suppose life is just a business of knowing what to do with it. I was a bit of a muddler, and I had no plan at all for life. I never had any kind of frantic ambition—I just wanted to work, work, work. I suppose I was somewhat of a prey to my emotions, and they can be awfully misleading. You can get hurt—and you can hurt other people. I had something of both.

"My lovely, wonderful wife doesn't like me to discuss her, but I think she won't mind if I tell you this. When I met her, I had given it all up as a bad job. I had always wanted children, a home, but I had just about decided all that was not for me. Then I met her in 1928, and it has been wonderful. I'm an awfully happy man.

"But I suppose you need all that experience in acting. To make situations real, you draw on your experiences in life. Naturally a much younger man hasn't had them and can't use them. These are things it takes years and years to acquire. For instance, little Joan Caulfield said to me the other day, with an anxious look in those big blue eyes of hers, 'Look at me! This is my swan song!' I said, 'What's the matter?' 'I've never had to play a part like this before,' she said. 'I just don't know how to play it.'

"It's a heavy part she plays. She's supposed to be torn emotionally, and we were going to do a scene together in which she needed great emotional reaction. Well, I didn't want to say the wrong thing, but I wanted to help her if I could. So I said, 'Were you ever unhappy in your life? I don't suppose you were.' 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'I've been unhappy. I've been *very* unhappy.' I said, 'Well, think about it—*hard!*' And she played a beautiful scene."

Claude Rains began his acting career at eleven years of age in London, where he was born. It all happened quite accidentally, as far as he was concerned, and in rather a roundabout way. During a six weeks period of playing hookey from school (which terminated abruptly when his father found out about it) little Willy Rains, as he was called then, had got himself into the choir of a fashionable Mayfair church. When the choirmaster asked him one day if he'd like to go to Old Haymarket, he supposed that meant just what it said—a hay market, and accepted with enthusiasm. No one was more surprised than Master Rains to find himself on the stage of the Old Haymarket Theater, where he soon was running around a papier mache fountain in a production called "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" based on the story of Nell Gwynne. "That," says he, "was in August, 1900. And except for three and a half years as a soldier in the first World War, I've been doing it ever since."

After outstanding successes on the London stage, as well as tours in Australia and America, Rains returned to America in 1926 to become the Theatre Guild's leading character actor. It was while touring in "Marco's Millions" with the Guild that he met Frances Propper, who soon thereafter gave up her stage career in favor of becoming Mrs. Claude Rains.

In spite of his brilliant record on the stage, however, Rains' début in films was made with a minimum of fanfare, and the climb to success in Hollywood has been neither quick nor easy. He recalls the details with rare humor and frankness.

"I was doing a play for the Theatre Guild in New York," he said. "A director from Hollywood saw it. He came out here and told somebody about it, and they asked me if I'd do a test back there.

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So I did quite an extensive one, including part of a Shaw play, 'Man of Destiny,' a scene from 'Bill of Divorcement,' and a scene from 'The Man Who Reclaimed His Head.' And they were terrible! I was all over the place! I knew nothing about screen technique, of course, and I just carried on as if I were in an enormous theater.

"When I saw the test, I was shocked and frightened, and I said, 'Can't you do it over again?' They said, 'Do you know how much it costs to make these things?' So they sent it out, and of course there was no response.

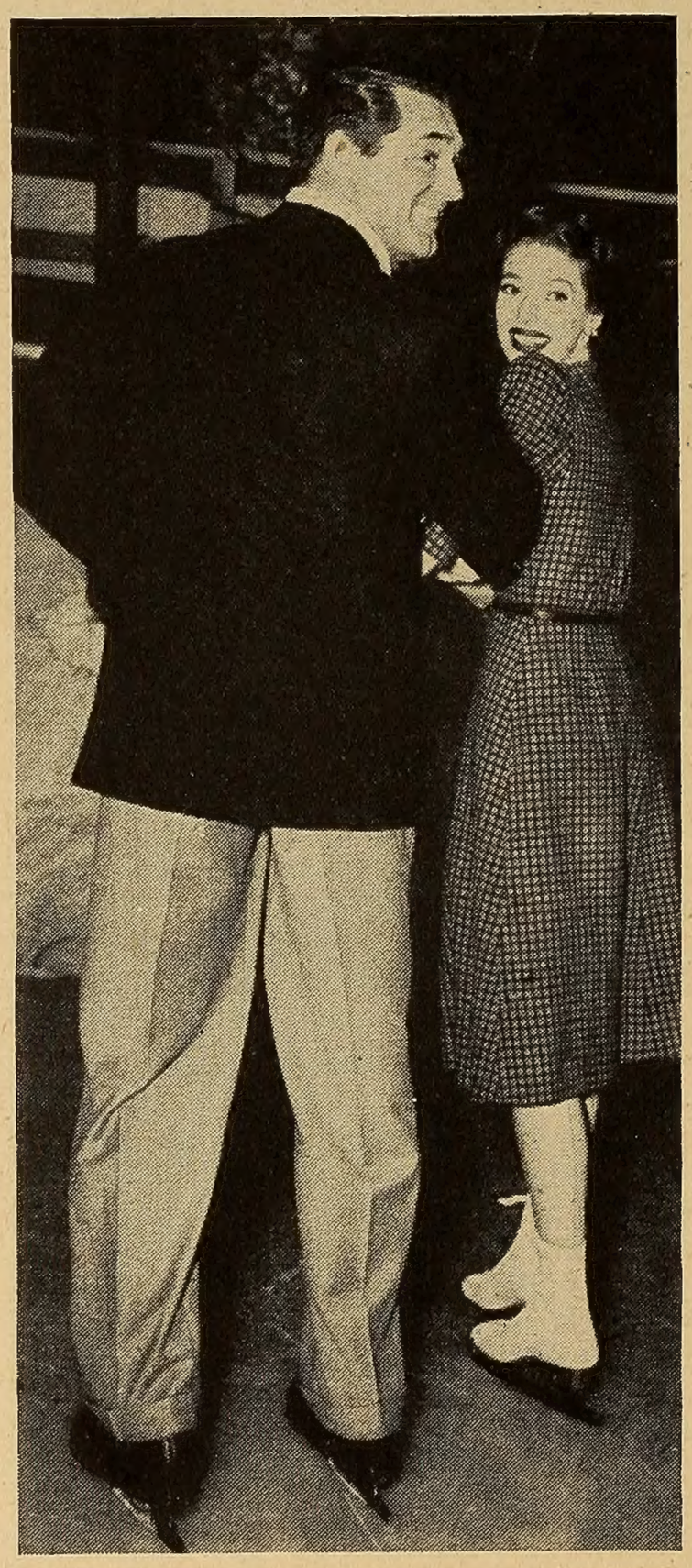
"Later on, Director Jimmy Whale was trying to find a man to play the title rôle in 'The Invisible Man'—and if you remember, he was just that all through the picture. You saw his clothing, but you never saw his hands or face until the very last shot. And then it wasn't my face you saw, it was a mask. Whale had tested various people for the part, and hadn't found anyone to suit him. And then they said, 'Let's look at the tests that have been made of New York actors.' Along came a test of a man called Claude Rains. Well, they howled with delight! But Whale said, 'I don't give a hang what he looks like. That's how I want him to sound, and I want *him*.' So that's how I came to Hollywood.

"It happened at a time when I had finished with the Theatre Guild and for the first time in New York I was a free lance actor, which meant that I had to wait for that telephone to ring, meaning that Mr. This or Mr. That might say he had a part for me. An actor is a very emotional fellow, and when he's not working, he gets very depressed, very frustrated, and is apt to feel that the next step is the poorhouse or the actors' home. So I thought, 'Well, I'll get out in the country. I can have a phone there and wait my calls, and in the meantime have something to do.'

"I bought a small farm in New Jersey, and after that, I wasn't worried nor frustrated any more. I was content. I kept busy putting the place in shape, and I thought if worse came to worst, I could go into the little drugstore in town and shake up sodas. The house had no plumbing at all. There was a little sentry box down the path in the rear, and I was in the midst of putting a new roof on it when I got a phone call from my agent, saying they wanted me in Hollywood. I said, 'Are you sure?' He said he had the contract right on his desk at the moment. So out I came at a salary that was fabulous to me at the time but was what I ultimately discovered they called 'peanuts' here. I did 'The Invisible Man,' and then I went back to the house in New Jersey and spent all the money putting in bathrooms. The contract I had signed was one of those with options to be exercised or not. In my case, they were not. There was no word, and I was very depressed. I was not married then—I was alone, so I wept and wailed and carried on all by myself.

"Next I did a stage play called 'They Shall Not Die' which was based on the famous Scottsboro case, and in which I played the part of the judge. While I was doing that, Ben Hecht came to my dressing room one night and asked me to read the script of 'Crime Without Passion' which he and Charlie MacArthur were getting ready to do at Astoria. It was a marvelous story—I suppose one of the most interesting I have ever done. The picture created an artistic sensation.

"After that I came out here and did two pictures for Universal, but again no options were taken up. I went to England and did a picture. I came back and went to Paramount on some sort of deal.



Loretta Young makes great strides in her skating lesson—and who wouldn't with Cary Grant playing the part of teacher?

They didn't exercise options. Then I came here to Warner Brothers on contract. It was excellent money, and I played practically everything except a woman and a dog. I remember at this time, my wife said, 'You've sold your soul. You're not giving the best that's in you.' 'Well,' I said, 'I'm not a child any more. If I can keep on like this, I won't have to worry, and you won't have to do without.' She said, 'But I don't mind doing without. I want you to do work that you can give your best to.'"

But it was during this period, when he played any and every rôle that came along, that he was laying a solid foundation for the popularity he is now enjoying with screen audiences. Then in 1942 a picture called "Casablanca' hit the screens at about the same time that city hit newspaper headlines. It made a sensational hit, and so did everybody in it, including Mr. Rains, who played the cynical French collaborationist. The picture won an Academy Award, and from that time on, Mr. Rains drew bigger and better assignments, until today he finds himself definitely at the top, with everybody clamoring for his services.

He has no desire to direct, produce, or write. First, last, and always, Claude Rains is an actor, and all he wants to do is play good parts in good pictures.

His one absorbing interest, apart from his work, is a 400-acre farm in Pennsylvania, where he and Mrs. Rains and their 9-year-old daughter Jennifer spend as much time as possible between his pictures. A competent farmer manages the place for him while he's in Hollywood, but when he goes back there, he pitches in and works along with his manager, with the same zest that he puts into his screen rôles.

Mrs. Rains and Jennifer share his enthusiasm for country life, "So much so," he says, "that last year, when I thought I was going to get away and then couldn't, my wife took my daughter and two other children—George Haight's daughter and Albert Dekker's daughter. They're all contemporaries and good friends. The other two girls were going away to camp, but Jennifer said, 'But why? We've got a camp.' So they all went back there with my wife and had a wonderful time."

Mr. Rains does not hanker for periodic returns to the footlights, as do so many actors who come to Hollywood from the stage. "I got my fill of the stage years ago," he declares, "and I am completely content in this medium. I find it intensely stimulating. That camera—it's like a gun! It galvanizes you into tremendous emotional and mental activity."

Fully aware and deeply appreciative of the fortunate circumstances surrounding him today, Mr. Rains is not taking anything for granted. "When I first came to Hollywood, the best I could hope for was to keep working. I had no possible hope of financial security, so when it came along, I knew what to do with it. Now we have a charming home here in Brentwood, beside the farm I had always wanted. Think of an actor being able to have all those things!"

"How does it feel?" he was asked.

"Very satifactory," he answered slowly, with a wise smile, "—very satisfactory! But I have no false ideas about myself. I know how ephemeral all this business is. A few years ago, I played in pictures in which I was said to give representative performances. They were both box-office flops, and for seven months after them, nobody in this town asked whether I was alive or dead. Because of that, I have managed to stay normal. And if I didn't stay normal," he added quickly, with an appreciative twinkle, "I would soon hear about it from my lovely wife! But however well established you are, things can happen over which you have no control. One mustn't get smug about it. All you can do is choose carefully, so that the pictures you're in have an average chance of being popular, and be sure you have the kind of part that you can make a good job of. To be perfectly frank, I've just got my fingers crossed."

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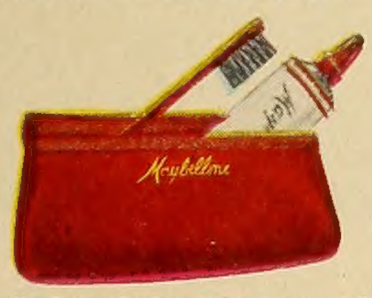
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